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No. 438

AT THE JUDGMENT DAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He came in the twilight and knelt by her side,
And, "Give me some token of love," he cried.
"Dear heart," said she, and the eyes on his own
Saw the things of God, and the Great White Throne.
"I will give you a kiss to keep for aye."
"No! keep it," cried she, "till the Judgment Day."
"And then, when we meet at the Bar of God,
And they read us the records of journeys trod,
"Oh, darling,"—his eyes with tears were wet—
"Give it back to me! I shall not forget."
"But remember, always, that this cannot be—
You cannot give back the kiss to me—"
"Unless the record the angel reads
Is more of good than of evil deeds."
"If your earthly record is dark with sin,
And mine, though unworthy, lets me in
To the peace of God, we must dwell apart,
And I must forever bear in my heart
The thought of the kiss you gave not back,
And Heaven will forever that one thing lack."
"Darling," said he, "I will take the kiss
To keep while the time of our waiting is,
And I'll give it back at the Judgment Bar."
She kissed him, and died like a fading star.
And that Heaven for his darling may nothing lack,
The kiss that she left him he will give back;
And that he may give it back again,
He is making his record grand among men.

Whom Will She Marry? OR, BETH FOSS, The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FORBIDDEN SWEETS.

"It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word."
The summer-morning sun shone brightly upon
the roses that bordered the broad
principal street of a beautiful New England vil-
lage; and despite the thickness of the leafy arch
through which its wandering arrows pierced, a
godly number of them fell straight into the
flushed faces of Beth Foss and Harry Sewall.
The one known, near and far, through the farm-
lands of Greenfield, among whose inhabitants
she had spent most of the seventeen years of
her life, as "the parson's daughter"; the other
a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with cold,
angry blue eyes—the only son and eldest child
of one of the wealthiest men in the township.
In a tacit way these two regarded each other
as lovers; but, certainly, there was little to in-
dicate such a relationship now, in Beth's flash-
ing, rebellious eyes, and hotly-colored cheeks, or
Harry Sewall's proud and lips scornful face.
The cause of their dissension had just swept
past them in a light carriage, drawn by a hand-
some team of bay horses—a swarthy, stylish
man, who had bestowed upon Miss Foss, as he
passed, a bow, and a bold, admiring glance.
"Do you think that fellow?" Harry had de-
manded, imperatively.
Instantly, all the antagonism of Beth's nature
to criticism and dictation asserted itself, and
her retort was quick and cutting:
"College does not seem to be improving to
one's manners. I presume you mean, do I know
that gentleman, since I am not in the habit of
choosing fellows for my acquaintances."
"I mean what I said, Miss Bethel. Rial An-
dral is not a gentleman; and not a fit acquaint-
ance for you."
"Indeed!" with supreme sarcasm. "I was
not aware, Mr. Sewall, that you had the slight-
est right to act as my mentor and guardian; but
since you seem to be laboring under such a de-
lusion, allow me to save you from repeating the
impertinence by assuring you that I am quite
capable of taking care of myself."
Harry's blue eyes grew more steely in their
anger, and his lips more proud and cold under
his fair mustache, but he chose to make no di-
rect reply to Beth's passionate irony.
"May I ask if Mr. and Mrs. Foss approve of
this new friend of yours?"
This was a thrust under which Beth's con-
science stirred uneasily. Her careful father
and mother did not disapprove of her acquaintance
with Mr. Andral. They had forbidden their
daughter to drive with him, or to receive his
visits, and never suspected that their very op-
position had only increased the wayward coun-
try girl's infatuation for the wealthy city
stranger.
But Beth was in no mood to confess her de-
linquencies; especially to Harry Sewall, whose
devotion to herself she felt that she had wronged
by her summer's flirtation with Rial Andral.
Beth's very consciousness that she was not quite
in the right, had the effect that the feeling of
guilt toward a friend generally has; it made her
speech more bitter.
"If you consider that your affair, perhaps
you had better ask them the question personally
the very first time you have the opportunity."
Good-morning, Mr. Sewall," and with a cold
bow of dismissal, Beth turned into the narrow
country road that led to the parsonage, leaving
her companion to retrace his steps homeward in
anything but an enviable frame of mind.
In actual words, Harry Sewall had never
made love to Beth Foss; but, from his boy-
hood, he had cherished a fervent passion for the
wild, wayward, fascinating parson's daughter;
and now that he had come home honorably
through with college, finished by a trip abroad,
and prepared to tell Beth of his love and gain
her promise to become his wife, it was rather
hard that, at their second interview, she should
have quarreled with him, defiantly, in behalf of
the gay New Yorker he had found estab-
lished in Greenfield; and who, he had already
ascertained, was anything but a desirable asso-
ciate for a pure, innocently-brought up girl like



"I am listening, mamma," answered Bethel, raising her blanched, tear-stained face."

Beth Foss. As for Beth, she knew that Harry
Sewall had liked her since she was a tiny girl,
and he had been her father's private pupil in
Latin and Greek; she knew, too, that she liked
him better than any young man she had known.
But liking and being liked was as far into the
mysteries of the heart as Beth had penetrated;
as yet, the capabilities of her nature had not
awakened to their dangerous heritage of bril-
liancy, and mutableness, and fervent passion;
and only love of romance and excitement had
betrayed her into her acquaintance with Rial
Andral.

This man had come to board, during the sum-
mer, at the Mansion House, a large hotel, a mile
or two from Greenfield village; and there, too,
had boarded the De Veans, relatives of the
wealthy Thornes, who had their summer resi-
dence in Greenfield, and attended the Rever-
end Daniel Foss's church. Through Flavia
Thorne, who had been her chum for several sea-
sons, and Flavia's cousin, Jacqueline De Veau,
Bethel Foss had met the dark-eyed Andral; and
the wild spirit, the lack of conventionality,
the sparkling intelligence, and the fascinating
ways of this country parson's daughter, who
had gathered her only knowledge of the great
world outside her New England home from
books, and from Flavia, charmed the blase Rial
into an ardent flirtation that would have been
cruel, indeed, toward most girls of Beth Foss's
position. But, while Beth fostered a delicious
sentimentalism for this handsome man who was
eight or nine years her senior, and so stylish,
and so abundantly able to lavish upon her the
many gifts of fruit and flowers, and confections,
dear to every girlish heart, and was further
piqued into winning and receiving his atten-
tions by her rebellion against any opposition,
and the unconcealed jealousy of the stylish and
handsome Miss De Veau, no germs of deep af-
fection—if any were hidden in her soul—de-
veloped under his wooing into conscious life; and
she was, really, heart-whole despite the devo-
tion of the gay man who had made love to her,
to while away a summer month.

Still it was of Andral, rather than of the fair,
haughty, blue-eyed lover with whom she had
just quarreled, that she mused, as she walked on
toward the parsonage, when the soft tread of
horses' hoofs along the road caught her atten-
tion, and the object of her thoughts reined in
his team at her side. The young lady looked
up with coquettish glance and smile; but the
face above her was dark and frowning.

"Miss Foss, pardon me—I have come to ask
you a peculiar question. Is it true that you are
engaged to that Sewall, with whom I met you
walking?"

"Why? Who says I am engaged to him?"
cried Beth, startled.

"Miss De Veau and my friend, Flavia."
"Then they had better confine themselves, in
future, to narrating facts that they know. I
reared her head defiantly."

A smile glimmered, momentarily, under the gen-
tleman's dark mustache. Then he bent low from
his carriage and said, very tenderly:

"You cannot guess how glad I am to hear
that, Beth."

"Really, Mr. Andral, I confess I cannot see
why you should be glad," said Beth, favoring
him with a swift, upward, coquettish glance.

"Then you have thought me trifling all these
delicious weeks?" he asked, as meaningly as if,
from the first, he had really been desperately in
earnest in his love-making. "Do you judge
me from your own standpoint, Bethel?"

"Ah, well!" said Rial, with a slight frowning
contraction of his brows; "then the end of our
acquaintance is very near. I go away, prob-
ably, to-morrow; will you grant me one favor
before we bid each other good-by?"

"What?" queried Miss Foss, simply.
"I want you to take a ride with me, to-night.
You need not say that you cannot! You must!
It is a pleasure you have denied me long enough.
I shall drive up and down here, slowly, about
eight o'clock, until you come. I will not keep
you out late, so do not disappoint me, little
one," and with a half-commanding, half-en-
treating glance Rial gave the whip to his horses
and left Beth to wonder whether she had better
grant the favor which he had demanded rather
than asked.

If she went that night she must go clandes-
tinely, as he had intimated, she knew well. But
there was a spice of adventure and daring about
stealing off to a moonlight ride with a rich,
handsome, forbidden lover that appealed strongly
to Beth's reckless, excitement-loving nature;
and she resolved that Rial should not wait in
vain for her to keep the appointment.

It was wrong—just a little wrong—she ad-
mitted, for her to go for a drive with this stranger
whom her grave father and gentle mother had
condemned. But, then, what right had they to
condemn him without knowing him? He cer-
tainly was more of a gentleman than any Green-
field young man, except Harry Sewall; and
Beth could not see that there was anything very
dreadful about his playing billiards and driving
fast horses. At all events, this would be the
last time she could see him, perhaps, for a long
time; perhaps forever; and she would go!

When Beth Foss made a resolve she was not
easily induced to retract it; and having de-
clared—though only to herself—that she would
go for a drive with Rial Andral that night, no-
thing was likely to turn her from her purpose.
And the anticipation of the stolen act of plea-
sure and daring sent her mercurial tempera-
ment to a high degree of gay excitement. Still
she felt a trifle remorseful, as she went to and
fro, during the day, about her mother's sick-
room. For there was illness at the parsonage.
For several weeks Beth's gentle mother, the
idol of Mr. Foss's congregation, had been suffer-
ing from a low, nervous fever from which it
was hoped she would rally as the autumn, and
clearer, cooler weather, advanced.

Mrs. Foss noticed the excited tinge in Beth's
cheeks, and the bright light in her eyes.
"It is because Harry Sewall is at home,"
thought the invalid. "Beth has seen him to-
day. The dear child loves him, and he is cer-
tainly worthy of her. Their youthful attach-
ment is sure to end in that way; and perhaps it
is well that Beth should marry young, for she
has inherited dangerous elements of character.
God grant that her father and I may be spared
a little longer to watch over her!"

This prayed the mother, little dreaming that,
already, by the Higher Will, it had been de-
creed that Beth should work out the good or
evil of her life with only the guardians of Con-
science and womanly purity, which her early
training had fostered, to help her keep to the
right in the perilous career that lay before her.

The flying through the moonlight, that even-
ing, behind Rial's swift horses, with Rial by
her side talking sentiment, was delicious, and
the parson's daughter vividly enjoyed the per-
fect night, the ride, and the being ardently
wooed by her handsome escort. Alternately
she encouraged and laughed at Mr. Andral's
avowals, until he startled her with a demand
that their summer's flirtation end in a way of
which Beth in her play at love-making had
scarcely dreamed. And the more Beth laughed
and coquetted the more in earnest Rial became.

He had not been used to throwing away his de-
votion upon women, as he had upon this coun-
try parson's daughter, only to find that neither
heart, fancy, nor ambition had been touched;
and he was in no mood to be carelessly rejected
by a girl he had really come to love—for Bethel
had truly fascinated him; and so he sought to
win the prize he craved with the passionate ar-

dor, the fervent pleas, and the exaggerated emo-
tion, which, as a thoroughbred, blase worldling,
were so well at his command.

And Bethel—romantic, fond of excitement,
with a singularly susceptible, impressible na-
ture, that as yet had not learned to know its
own wants, she listened more and more favor-
ably to the suit of her ardent lover. He was
rich, and of attractive age; and the silent moon-
light night, the soft, dewy, fragrant air, added
to the seductiveness of the hour; his impas-
ioned words, his eloquent pleadings, and his
glowing eyes fixed upon her own, sent her
young blood thrilling excitedly through her
veins—and she was won.

Nor was Bethel Foss the first woman, with
untutored heart, who had yielded her freedom
to magnetic influence and the hot excitement of
youth, instead of love.

"Good-night, and good-by, my pet," Rial
whispered, when he kissed her lips as he parted
with her near the parsonage. "You will see
me, or hear from me, soon. And remember,
Beth—remember your vow!"

"I shall remember!" said Beth.
"Ah, yes! The parson's daughter would long
remember the galling fetter that, in her
thoughtlessness, and innocence, and youth, she
had so rashly assumed!"

CHAPTER II.

ANGEL OR EVIL SPIRIT?

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,"
"By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed."

"Am I dying, Cecile?"
A pair of handsome, magnetic gray eyes
looked down into the questioner's fading ones.

"I think you are. The doctor said you could
not live through the day. Is there anything
you want? Anything I can do for you?"

"No! No!" the old man murmured, feebly;
and the lids drooped over the dull blue eyes in
which the life-light was falling so swiftly now,
moment by moment.

There was silence in the sick-room again; si-
lence save for the labored breaths of the dying
man, the soft respirations of the fair, watchful
woman who sat at his side, and the few stum-
berous noises that stole softly in at the opened
but darkened windows from the almost deserted
streets of the little foreign town. Click, click,
upon the pavement, sounded the wooden sabots
of some person passing in haste; presently there
floated upward the words of a short altercation,
in loud, angry-sounding, Gallic voices; then fell
the noonday stillness once more, and those ob-
servant gray eyes, that never left the sick man's
face, watching intently the pallid shadows
gathering there, the tremulousness about the
thin lips, and the slight nervous fluttering of the
wrinkled eyelids, saw two tears creeping down
the sunken cheeks.

Cecile raised her cool, dainty cambric hand-
kerchief, perfumed with a sweet, subtle essence
always grateful to the old man's senses, and
gently wiped away these evidences of sorrow,
and age, and weakness. At the soft touch her
patient's eyes opened.

"You are very good to me, Cecile. But," he
added, after a moment's pause, "it is hard to
die here in a foreign land. I almost wish I had
gone home."

"But America—New York—even your sunny
South, or your golden West, would scarcely
have seemed like home to you, after living
abroad all these years."

"True, true! I have no home! It is better
to die here with you, Cecile. And when I am
dead, you will be well provided for."

Cecile made no other reply than to bend her
head, and press her lips to the sick man's brow.
"I have been a hard man, Cecile; bitter and
unforgiving! But all you can never know
what it is to have but one object in life, and to
see that drift away, leaving one's hopes strand-
ed and barren, and one's soul filled with the bit-
terness and demonism of devils! But it does no
good to fight fate. I see it all now; and God
grant that the day of atonement is not past;
that, even at the last, I may prove my love and

forgiveness.—Some water, Cecile, or some wine!
I am so faint. This must indeed be dying!
Call Pierre, and the doctor, quickly!"

"The doctor was sent for to attend a little
child who has been hurt. He promised to re-
turn quickly, but I will send for him."
"Yes, yes!"—feverishly, gaspingly—"and
fetch Pierre!"

The woman passed from the room. Perhaps
she was gone only seconds, perhaps minutes,
but they seemed hours to the man upon the bed,
whose life was now ebbing so swiftly away;
and when she returned, her quick eyes noted
how great, already, was the change upon her
patient's face.

"I told Pierre to remain within call; but he
has stepped out for a moment. I have sent one
of the servants for him."

"Oh! for the doctor and Pierre! If they
should be too late!" groaned the dying man, his
face white and set with sudden fear.

Cecile looked at the wine upon the little table;
she even reached out one of her fair, slender
hands and touched the glass. Then, with a
quick, determined motion, she withdrew it and
laid her cool white fingers, instead, upon the suf-
ferer's damp forehead, asking, softly:

"Have you any commands to give? Cannot I
fulfill them for you?"

The dimming eyes looked searchingly into
the unflinching calm ones that met their gaze,
then the man said, feebly:

"Bring me my watch-chain and my desk."

The lady obeyed him; and selecting a key
and a seal from the bunch of charms, her pa-
tient continued:

"You will have to settle our affairs here, Ce-
cile; and when that is done, I want you to seal
up my desk, with all its papers, and send it,
through my banker in Paris, or carry it your-
self, to my lawyers in New York. Kneel down
here, quickly, and put your hand upon my
heart, and swear to me, as you hope for mercy
when you come to die, that you will be true to
this trust. Swear it, Cecile!"

"I swear to be true to your trust!" enunciated
Cecile, slowly and solemnly, her fair hand upon
the dying man's heart; and the glazing eyes
closed again. She did not stir from her kneel-
ing position, but put her arms about the old
man's neck, and so mournfully awaited the
rapidly-advancing doom of the death-angel.
Presently there sounded upon the door a light
tap, and Pierre, the valet, entered the room.
The man advanced softly to the bedside of his
master, who lay motionless and seemingly un-
conscious. Once only again did the dull eyes
open. They rested upon the servant's face, and
then, owner attempted vainly to speak. A
troubled, convulsed look passed over his fea-
tures; then his dim gaze fell upon the slender
kneeling figure and gathered a peaceful assur-
ance and content, and his lids drooped.

The two other persons in the room kept their
positions, motionless and speechless—the one
thinking, somewhat regretfully, of the lucrative
position lost, the other recalling an oath lately
taken and that last look of content which had
fallen upon herself—until the door opened, ad-
mitting the physician.

"I was gone longer than I expected, madame.
How is the patient now? Ah! Ah! What
does this mean?" advancing to the bedside.

"Has it come so soon?"

"Is he dead?" asked Cecile, quietly.
"Yes, madame."

Pierre passed to the window. The woman
kissed the dead face, and arose, and stood by
the doctor's side, calmly making arrangements
with him concerning the funeral, of which she
desired him to take the entire charge. When
present necessities had been agreed upon, she
bade adieu to the physician, and dismissed the
valet with the request that he would attend to
any directions given him by the doctor, and
hold himself in readiness to be summoned to a
conference with herself, toward evening.

Then Cecile carried the key, and the seal, and
the desk, left in her charge, from the darkened
room into the bright parlor adjoining, out of
which her own apartments opened. She called
a servant, and ordered a small bottle of wine,
and some biscuits and cheese brought her, and
placing the desk upon the table where her light
luncheon was spread, admitted a little more of
the noonday sunlight and the breezes that wan-
dered lazily through the quaint streets of the
Swiss town, and set herself down to examine
the papers she had sworn to deliver, under the
dead man's seal, to his lawyers.

The reading, with careful scrutiny, of all the
papers within the desk, and examining a check-
book, and counting the ready cash, and looking
over the accounts, of which she had entire
superintendence, occupied some hours. At the end
of this time Cecile locked the desk, pocketed
the key, donned a street costume, and went out
for a brisk walk, a luxury which she had de-
nied herself for several days.

As she passed through the town, advancing
toward the suburbs, she walked with the air of
one wrapped in concentrated thought, scarcely
heeding whither her steps led, until she came to
a pleasant little triangle of grass and shade
trees, where there were a few wooden benches
upon which sat women working and watching
the children who played about the turf. Upon
one of these settees, industriously knitting, sat
a young girl, whose face suddenly attracted
Cecile's attention, and seemed to suggest to her
a new train of thought and line of action. She
walked quickly to the bench, and seated herself,
with a pleasant but somewhat broken greet-
ing to the maiden, in the language of her
country.

The Swiss girl looked up, answering shyly,
and blushing rosily, at sight of the elegant
foreign lady.

"This is a pretty spot. I suppose you sit
here in the moonlight and wait for Pierre?"
said Cecile, with a little musical laugh.

The girl grew more confused than ever,
and made no denial of her companion's imputa-
tion.

"Do you know," madame went on, "that
Pierre's master is dead? He died at noon, to-
day; and now, shortly after the funeral, which
will be in a day or two, our household will be
broken up. Shall you be sorry to have Pierre
go away?"

All the color died out of the girl's round,
blooming cheeks, and she cried, pitifully:

"Oh! madame, he will not go away! You
have other servants, you will not need him!"
"Do you love him, my girl?" asked Cecile,
kindly.

could only have proceeded from the lungs of a man of gigantic stature.

The words seemed hurled down upon them like bowlders of rock.

"Who the deuce are ye? White, red, or yellow? Spit her out, or I'll never see you again! You nary one of yer strike dirt this side the ford! Reckon I boss the Medina just about now—that's when I'm here."

As their friends gazed up the bank from whence the voice proceeded, on the opposite side, the forms of a man and horse, both of immense size, were distinctly outlined against the moonlit sky, almost over their heads—seemingly much larger than they really were from the position they occupied and the moonlight.

As they looked up, the moon's rays glared brightly along a ridge, and in the hands of the rider, and pointed directly down upon them.

It was but a moment of silent astonishment, a sudden gripping and elevating of rifles, with their friends, and then came a loud, prolonged laugh from Jack, and his answer rang out:

"Here, here, Big Foot, I reckon yer kinder puttin' on extra airs. Does yer drive on this line? Draw up yer shooter, an' save ther charge; it's needed bad up ther creek. If yer boss ther Medina yer make a danged poor job of it, ter allow such gins on as has happened up ther creek. Jest yer own self, yer kinder balk rite ther till we drive up. Come on, boys!"

All three, with much scrambling and falling back, finally gained the high bank above, and rode up to the burly horseman, who made each cringe with pain as he gave them a hearty gripe of the hand.

The giant horseman, whom our trio of friends had so opportunely met, was no other than Big Foot Wallace, noted as one of the most successful rangers and scouts on the Texas frontier.

He was of giant build, with very large feet, even a man of his size.

The extent of his understandings had gained for him the sobriquet of Big Foot, and few men, women or children on the south, or south-west borders of Texas, but knew him personally or by reputation.

He was clad in a complete suit of tattered buckskin, made by his own hands, in rude frontier style; his long, dark-brown hair and grizzled beard gave him a rough, wild appearance; but when you looked in his eyes you felt sure that he was a man you could trust in any emergency, even with your life. A broad-brimmed black sombrero, with a silver band, was on the back of his head; and his belt contained two large, old-fashioned Colt's revolvers. A huge Bowie-knife and a Sharp's rifle, made up his fit-out in the way of arms.

His horse was a powerful bay half-breed, well suited to bear its rider over the rough country.

As Big Foot gave the hand of the Tonkaway a wring, he exclaimed:

"Boys! I'll bet my panther ag'in' a kayote, that thar's mischief sumwhar, an' not more'n a day's lode from this, or that Tonk wouldn't be a-kin' round whar yer is, I never, yet seen a cuss but what I had fed do some talk shootin'."

"Afore I let yer know what's on ther way-bill," answered Jack, "I'd like ter know whar yer been drivin', fur a week or two."

"Waal, Jack," responded Big Foot, "I've had jist ther worst run of danged agin' I ever had; been housed in my ranch an' shook 'bout all ther straw off ther ruff; but, sling yer news, fur I'm spillin' fur sumthin' fresh."

"Yer won't feel wery, when I tell yer," returned Jack, in a mournful tone, "but it's got ter cum out. The reds are on the rampage above here up ther creek; they've killed, and scalped Cotton's folks, Will Halliday's wife, baby, an' old lady, and got Molly, the Rose of the Medias, an' her little girl, an' her little girl, an' I'm mighty glad ter met yer, fur yer wanted bad. Ther's only Kit, Tom, an' Joe on the trail so fur."

"By ther blood o' Crockett!" exclaimed Big Foot, "that's the red cusses hav' done this—if it thar's no other way, I'll take 'em, an' I'll double, and it were keef after. I've told that baby on my knee; my hand has gripped Will's in friendship, an' so help me! Gehosi-pah! henceforth I'll his part in vengeance. Lead on fur life or death!—but, hold a moment. I've got an Irish pard what I picked up a moon ago; can't leave him; he's sleepin' in the brush."

With that Big Foot spurred his horse about twenty yards up the road, bent down in his saddle, grasped a man still half asleep upon the ground, sat him astride of a horse that was feeding near, gave him a shake, put the bridle in his hand, and in a loud, threatening voice, cried:

"See here, Larry, yer better rouse yerself mighty speedy, or I'll leave yer whar yer'll lose yer scalp. Come on, if yer goin' with me; ther's thar hard ridin', but a heap of fun on ther end on't."

Saying this, Big Foot put spurs to his horse, and dashed back again to the party on the bank of the river, yelling before he reached them:

"Lead on, Tonk! we're arter yer like hungry wolves, an' twice as desperate!" and all four disappeared beneath the shadows of the oaks up the river.

The Irishman rubbed his eyes a moment, gazed up into the moonlit heaven, gave a heavy yawn, and turned his head toward the fast-disappearing form of Big Foot.

"Those yer reds, an' Big Huff! an' he jabbers it's all the time I'm arter; bairn roused. Yees don't mind the time of night at all at all. Hard ridin', is it? 'Pon me soul I'm arter thinkin' it's hard ridin' when ye are all the time at it; an' as to the fun I'm sure yees has strange ideas of that same. What's that he was sayin'?"

"Be-grad! he'd lave me here to lose my scalp, that's me hair, skin an' all. Git up, ye devil av a horse, or I'll broke yer back wid me stick. Bedad, what was I sayin'! Devil a stick have I but a gun what knocks me sinces away every time it spits fire. I'm sure on that me gun. Sure my arm is near broke wid it. Git up, ye devil av a barn! didn't ye hear Big Huff sayin' we'd be scalped?" And Larry yanked the bridle-rein, and struck the animal a violent blow with his gun.

The horse bounded smothering into the road, and down toward the ford; then halted so suddenly on the brink of the bank, that Larry only saved himself from being precipitated down the steep into the river by clutching with a desperate gripe the cantle of the saddle behind him.

"Be the holy Moses!" yelled the frightened Irishman, "are yees making believe yees didn't see whar ye go? Do yees want to get rid of me? Now, by the powers o' p'ewer, ye'll jist take yerself up the straine mighty lively, fur I hears the crackin' an' bushes whar the big scout hav' gone. Ye'll take yer life that way, or I'm cursed eternally if I don't get out yees an' walk arter him, lavin' ye alone to be sculped."

The animal whirled half-around, almost unseating his rider again, and then dashed on after the rangers, and was soon within easy speaking distance; but the deep shadows, and the more dark and somber by the streaks of moonlight, the galloping forms ahead of his friend, Big Foot, whose characters he did not know and whose presence he could not account for, drew all his fire in the Irishman for conversation, and he did not even whisper to his horse, as was his custom.

A few hours of hard riding brought them near the ruined ranch of Will Halliday, and the wild yells which struck their ears, together with the bright light of a fire, caused them to quicken their pace to a faster lope.

As they burst through the bushes, which bordered the clearing in which the cabin had stood, a most strange scene broke upon their view.

A human form, which all recognized as Will Halliday, was outlined against the fire, and by the pile of rails; the dead Indians were nearly consumed, and Will, his face painted blood-red with vermilion found in a paint-bag taken from an Indian, his hair decorated with the gaudy head-dress of a warrior, was feeding the fire with wood from the corral, and as he did so, he hurled a large post into the flames uttered words that would have honored any of the braves whose bodies he was now burning to ashes.

All brought their horses to a sudden halt at the strange, wild scene, and Big Foot exclaimed, in a deep voice of surprise and grief:

"Boys, this beats anything I ever yet seen; it kinder knocks me; why! I'll never sculp another red if Will ain't wid."

"Ye're right, Big Foot," returned Jack. "I didn't expect ter find things quite so mixed. He's wilder'n a wounded panther, an' I reckon he alwis will be, by ther look of him."

Larry, with pale face and chattering teeth, kept his horse near the border of the woods, crossing himself religiously and muttering:

"Be the holy St. Patrick, what sort ev a cunthry is this? Sure, that must be the devil himself, an' he's arter startin' a young hell here in Texas, and bedad! I'm thinkin' they need it bad."

"Cum on!" shouted Big Foot. "Cum on, boys! We can't linger on ther trail."

All the party at this galloped up to the fire near Will, who was dancing and yelling around the bright blaze, which gave him a weird appearance, as the livid light played upon his wild, painted features.

"See here, Will, old boy," called Big Foot; "cum with us and pay back blood fur blood. Don't ye know the reds has got Molly? Cum on an' go for 'em like a man."

Seeing no sign that Will knew him, he turned to the Indians:

"Reckon yer war foolin' 'bout a big fight here; don't see no corpses. Whar are ther reds whar were knocked under?"

"Heep Comanche kill!" answered the Tonkaway. "Will burn in fire."

"Oh, no! that's it, are it?" exclaimed Big Foot. "Cum on, boys; leave him here; now to save Molly, 'the Rose of the Medina,' or ter die."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

A HEART PRAYER.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

There are tears in store for us to shed,
There are sorrows deep for all to feel,
But, if we raise our drooping head
The dew of grace will fall.

There are clouds which hide the glorious blue
In every roseate sky;
But if we scan them close, we'll view
Where silver linings lie.

Sometimes the grace of patience hides
Its meek and lovely form;
And in some dark recess abides,
Wrapped up in angry storm.

As when the lightning's lurid light
Trembles athwart the sky,
It shows the traveler lost in night
Where homeward pathways lie.

When hedged our way, forbid we shrink!
"God teach us to be true!"
And, if needs be, unflinching, drink
The gall and wormwood 'too."

The Rejected Heart:

OR,

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

At last a note reached the prisoner in his lone cell, and Walter's heart told him whence it came. It was so blurred and blotched as to be almost illegible:

It ran as follows:
"Dear Walter, I have been ill, but am better now. Keep up good courage. I shall see you soon, very soon. IRENE."

This note had been a good while on the way, considering the short distance it had to come, and bore marks of having been tampered with; but Walter was too overjoyed at the sweet assurance that it conveyed to think of aught else.

He had not had time to read this precious missive more than a dozen times, when the door opened, admitting a lady, whom he recognized even before she threw back her veil.

"Walter," she advanced eagerly toward her, his face all aglow.

"Oh! my darling! how very good in you to come!"

Irene had hitherto been rather shy in the expression of her love; but now the sorrow and compassion that filled her soul swept every barrier before them.

Throwing her arms around him, she burst into tears.

"Did you think I would stay away from you? That I could do so? Oh! my love! my love! never again will I be so dear to me as now!"

Walter was strongly moved, holding the sobbing girl closely to his heart, he said:

"Let Pate do her worst now! scorn, imprisonment; the prospect of a shameful death, these I could bear, but not the loss of your love. The bare thought that perhaps you believed me guilty of the terrible charge preferred against me at times nearly drove me wild. But now I am repaid for all, can bear all. But tell me, darling, with all this terrible array of evidence, has your faith in me never once wavered?"

"It was as true as I am," said Irene, her face all aglow.

"To be quite frank with you, Walter, there was a time when I thought, when I feared—"

Here Irene paused, as if reluctant to put her thoughts into words lest they should wound him.

Walter gave her a reassuring smile.

"Go on. You need not fear to speak. That you think me innocent now is all that I ask."

Irene returned, that smile with a look full of confidence and affection.

"I thought, I feared, at first, that you had quarreled with John, shooting him in anger or self-defense."

"As God lives! I never saw my poor cousin alive after I parted with him at your house, on the evening of the night he was murdered. I have only to reproach myself for the concealment of all that I discovered a couple of hours after leaving you, and which no one can regret now more than I. But I meant it for the best. At that time, indeed, it seemed dangerous to do otherwise."

Walter now proceeded to give Irene a full account of what the reader already knows, to which Irene listened so attentively; asking, on its conclusion, a minute description of the mysterious stranger.

"It is very singular," she said, breaking the thoughtful silence that followed. "If this young fellow is not the real criminal, that he had something to do with the murder is very clear."

Then Irene told Walter of a singular letter she had received a day or two before its occurrence; warning her, if she married John Remington, that she would repent it to the latest day of her life.

Unfortunately this letter was destroyed, though she remembered that the name signed to it was Joseph Harmon.

Having no knowledge of the writer, and no idea, at that time, of marrying her cousin, she had not mentioned the circumstance to any one until now, though the singularity of its tone and purport made a strong impression on her mind.

One thing struck her forcibly, that was the strong similarity of the handwriting to Walter Remington's.

The reader will remember that Walter had not mentioned the same resemblance between the handwriting of the mysterious stranger and his own, and which had seemed like the similarity often seen in the hand of pupil and teacher.

On comparing notes, it was evident to Walter that the writer of this letter and the stranger that had crossed his path were one and the same person.

But this did not tend to clear up the dense mystery that surrounded the whole affair, and which baffled all attempt to unravel it. It elicited nothing of importance but the name, and even this might be an assumed one.

But the elasticity of youth is wonderful; under the charms of Irene's presence, the influence

of her cheering and hopeful words, especially the love that spoke so clearly in every look and tone, Walter's spirits rebounded against the weight that had borne him to the earth.

And, though after Irene's departure, something of the old depression returned, especially when he thought of the fearful array of evidence against him, the recollection of all her love, for all her faith in him, gave him courage to look his troubles steadily in the face, seeking some way of escape, not for his sake only, but for hers, whose heart, whose life was bound up in his.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MAD MOTHER.

IRENE was met, on her return, by a message from her uncle, who had preceded her a few minutes, and who was impatiently waiting to see her.

He arose excitedly at her entrance.

"Can it be possible that they tell me is true—had I not seen your carriage in front of the jail I could not have believed it—that you have been to see the guilty wretch whose hands are stained with the blood of my poor boy?"

Drawing herself up to her full height, Irene looked steadily into the flushed and angry face of the speaker.

No, uncle, it is not true. I have been to see Walter Remington, my betrothed husband, accused of a crime of which he is as innocent as you or I."

"Girl! your betrothed husband is lying in the untimely grave to which this man sent him! I was to win you that he committed the deed which has left me childless and desolate! But he shall not gain his purpose. I live but for one object, to bring my son's murderer to the gallows. The day that I see him hung will be the happiest of the few remaining days that are left me!"

The shocked, indignant feelings at Irene's heart were plainly visible in her face, but her eyes softened as she looked upon the bowed head of the speaker, grown so white in the last two weeks.

"Uncle, you have suffered so terribly, your loss is so cruel, that I cannot bear to add to your sorrow by reproaches, however harsh, unjust I may feel your language to be. For your own sake, I wish you would lay aside this bitter, unchristian spirit, a spirit of hatred and revenge, inexcusable if all that you allege be true, and which can only give added bitterness to your grief. I would like to make my life on Walter's innocence; though I own, and so does he, that there are circumstances that tend to fix suspicion on him. Of one thing you may be sure, uncle, that dear as Walter is to me, if I believed he had done so cruel a deed, no matter how great the provocation, I would give him up at once and forever."

"Who else could have done it? Who else would? With this one exception, my poor boy had not an enemy in the world. That Walter Remington bore him ill-will is no secret; that he threatened to murder him, as you have just witnessed. Why he hated him, why he killed him, I am clear to every one but you, who will not see it. I repeat it, it was because he stood in the way of his winning you, and with it the wealth he coveted, that John was thus foully dealt with."

"Uncle, you are laboring under a great mistake. Walter had nothing to gain by John's death, had he been so wicked as to wish or seek it. My heart was already his, as he well knew. I have called him my promised husband; he was as much so as mine. John's death is his now. In pledging Walter my hand, I exacted from him not only the promise that our engagement should be kept secret, for a time, but that he should claim, in public, only such privileges as I could accord to a friend. It was out of respect to your feelings that I did this. I knew how strongly you had set your mind on my marrying John, and I wanted to give you time to be reconciled to it. I was, also, desirous of making some provision for John and yourself, as a compensation for your disappointment. What a mistake you made was I now feel."

"The mistake you made was in disregarding the solemn promise made to your dying father. Had you kept this pledge this dreadful thing would never have happened. But it is too late to think of this now. My son, my only son has been foully murdered, and only live to avenge him! I give you fair warning that I shall leave no stone unturned to have meted out to his murderer the punishment he merits."

"God grant you may be successful! You will not labor more earnestly to that end than I have a double incentive; to mete out justice to the real criminal, and to clear the innocent. I think that I have a clew that will lead to both."

Mr. Remington lifted the pale, haggard face that was bowed upon his hands.

"What do you mean? What have you discovered?"

"I do not like to say more now, uncle, at this juncture it would not be prudent. But this I will say, that I have the name and description of the real criminal, and believe he will give me the clew I seek."

Mr. Remington regarded his niece attentively for a moment, and then turned his eyes gloomily away.

"It is some lie, I suppose, concocted for the occasion. Walter Remington is the real criminal, and nothing you can say will make me believe the contrary."

Irene made no reply, feeling how worse than useless any further words would be; only the discovery of the actual murderer would convince him of his error, and to this end she determined to direct all her energies.

With this resolution in her heart, she went up-stairs to her aunt's room, who had been carried there insensible on the evening of the discovery of the body, and had not left it since.

"She met her own maid coming out."

"How is my son, Margaret? Is he asleep?"

"No, ma'am. She's very restless and sort of flighty like. She's been asking for you 'bout every five minutes since you've been gone."

Irene passed into the room where her aunt was tossing restlessly upon her pillow, a strange anxious look in her eyes, as they wandered around the room.

There had never been a great deal of sympathy between the two, they were too widely different for that; but as Irene looked upon the pale, worn face, a feeling of tender pity smote her heart.

"Are you feeling any better, aunt?" she said, touching her lips to the hand that was lying on the counterpane.

Mrs. Remington looked attentively at the speaker.

"I don't know. I feel strange. You look strange. Your uncle came in a few minutes ago, he looked strange; so does everything and everybody."

"I would not mind it," said Irene, in very much the tone one would use to a sick child.

"But I do mind it," was the impatient response. "I feel as if you all were hiding something away from me. Why did John go out of town without letting me know, or telling where he was going? He never did such a thing before."

Irene was silent. It was evident that the terrible tragedy, beneath whose accumulated horrors the brain had given way, had been mercifully permitted to pass from her mind. It would be a useless cruelty to recall it; something which she felt she could not do.

Mrs. Remington regarded her niece suspiciously for a moment.

"Why don't you answer me? You hadn't anything to do with it, I hope? If you have driven the poor boy away, I will never forgive you! Was it your uncle that was telling me that you objected to marrying him? Of course that's all nonsense, Irene. You can't break with him now, at this late day. Besides, why should you want to do so? Where will you find a finer looking man, or one better hearted? I know he is a little bit fast; but a good, sensible wife will cure him of all that; after he's married he'll settle down and make one of the best husbands in the world. I

don't see what you can have against John. There's many a girl that would be glad enough to get him."

It was terrible to Irene, knowing all that she knew, to listen to this.

"I wouldn't talk any more about it now, aunt; wait until you are better."

"But I must talk," said the sick woman, sharply. "And how do you know that I ever shall be any better? I don't know what has come over me. I never felt as I feel now. Something tells me that this is my last sickness, that I shall never leave this room until I am taken by my cough. And that is what makes me so anxious about your marrying John. My mind would be at rest if I knew you were his wife. I don't see why you can't be married now as well as any time."

"Will nothing stop her?" thought Irene, rising from her seat, who began to feel that she could not endure this a great while longer.

The nurse now approached, with a spoon and vial.

"It is time for her to take this. Dr. Miller said I was to give it to her once every two hours, and often if she got restless and excited."

"It is something to quiet her nerves and make her sleep," added the woman, as Irene took the medicine from her hand.

Irene was alarmed at the wild glare in her aunt's eyes, and her strange, rambling talk, and knowing what the medicine was, and its effect, poured out a double dose.

Mrs. Remington took it, exclaiming in the same breath:

"I don't want to sleep! I wouldn't sleep for the world; lest I should dream again that horrible dream. Did I tell it to you, Irene? I dreamed that I saw John lying dead upon the lawn, cold and white, his eyes staring out upon me from the partly-closed lids, and his garments all dabbled with blood. A crowd of solemn-looking people were around him; and voices kept hounding into my ears, 'John is shot! he is murdered!' I shrieked in my agony and terror; bursting through the crowd to where he lay."

"Then I awoke, and found myself here."

Mrs. Remington turned her wild, glittering eyes upon the pale, agitated face of her companion.

"Why do you look so at me, Irene? It was only a dream—terrible, indeed, but only a dream! It was not true—who would shoot John? Why don't you speak, why don't you answer me?"

Irene burst into tears.

Mrs. Remington sprung to her feet.

"I remember it all now!" she cried, in tones of deep, concentrated horror. "It was true! I did see my boy lying out there upon the grass! Is he there still? Let me go, I'll see!"

It took the united strength of Irene and the nurse to keep the frenzied woman from flinging herself from the window.

Shriek after shriek now resounded through the house, bringing Mr. Remington and the doctor to the scene, who were consulting together in the library.

The paroxysm was too fierce and terrible to last long. Though pale, and trembling in every limb, Irene remained until the poor sufferer was lying upon the pillow in the deep stupor of the stinging reaction that followed.

She then went to her own room, for the rest so greatly needed. But many times, in the years that followed, did the recollection of that wretched mother struggling in the arms of those two strong men return to scare her in her midnight visions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRANGE BRIDAL.

REV. MR. GOODSPEED sat in his study by the open window, alternately revolving in his mind the subject of his next sermon and watching his two little grandchildren, who were sporting in the garden beneath.

He was a white-haired, venerable-looking man, whose countenance bespoke a goodness and benignity which made it very pleasant to behold.

He was aroused from his pleasant train of reflections by a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in."

The door immediately opened, admitting Irene.

"I hope I am not intruding. The hall door was open, and finding no one in the sitting-room, I came directly up."

Taking Irene's hand in both of his, the good old man led her to a seat.

"You did quite right, my dear. I am very glad to see you. Mrs. Goodspeed is in the garden. I think."

As Mr. Goodspeed looked more attentively at his visitor, a serious expression took the place of that pleased and friendly smile.

"You are looking pale and thin. No wonder, no wonder, my poor child! Yours is indeed a dark and heavy sorrow."

That compassionate look and tone were too much for Irene's self-control; she struggled silently, but unsuccessfully, with the emotions that overpowered her, then bursting into tears, she sunk down upon the hassock at Mr. Goodspeed's feet, and laying her head against the cushion on which she sat so often sat in her happy childhood, sobbed forth:

"It is heavy indeed; far heavier than you think!"

The kind-hearted old man was greatly moved. He had known Irene from a baby, except when she was abroad, had seen her almost daily, and she seemed like one of his own children.

He laid his hand tenderly on the head of the sobbing girl.

"The Lord comfort thee, as He alone can. He loves whom he chastens, and 'does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.' You surely have not forgotten where to look for aid and comfort?"

Irene had sobbed herself into comparative quietness; raising her head, she smiled faintly into those mild, compassionate eyes.

"I should have yielded, very little by all your instructions! I forgot that."

"You have been much in my mind of late. I called yesterday, but you were out. How is your aunt to-day?"

"She is more quiet. But Dr. Miller gives us no hope of her recovery. Nor can these who love her wish it. John was her idol; and the wakening to the knowledge of her loss, with all the terrible circumstances attending it, would make life too burdensome to be endurable."

"Poor woman! What a warning it is to us of the danger of disregarding the divine injunction. 'Make not unto yourselves idols.'"

Irene assented to this, but it was evident by the far-away look in her eyes that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Papa Goodspeed, I have come to ask a strange thing of you."

"This was what Irene always called him when a child. The old man smiled.

"It will be a far stranger thing, my daughter, if I fail to serve you to the extent of my power."

"You know that it has been a settled thing between us two, that when I married, you should perform the ceremony."

Mr. Goodspeed looked uneasy.

"My dear, it is well to harrow up your feelings by such a reminiscence as this?"

"I have come to ask you to redeem that promise."



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In which a strange life-history is wrought to a fierce denouement, favored by the excitement, turbulence and perils of the last revolution in the beautiful city. The Commune and revolution are but incidental to the story proper, which is not of matters of state, but of a superb woman whose mighty resolution and courage carry forward her purpose in the face of obstacles, perils and suffering that would have crushed a less dauntless soul. The whole plot, action, persons and situation are striking in the extreme, and sure to command an eager reading.

"Did it never occur to you," writes a lady from Central New York, "how the constant reading of any particular paper molds the taste and fixes the mental proclivities of the reader?" And she goes on to state that for several years she had read a certain "magazine" whose literary strength was of the weak and sentimental order, and had unconsciously formed her ideas of life, society and morals upon its standard. Her brother brought into the house the SATURDAY JOURNAL, about three years ago, and she got to reading its "girls' stories." To her surprise she found them of a far different class from the romantic nonsense she had been fed upon so long, and after a few weeks she ceased to buy the "magazine" which had become simply stupid and silly to her. And from reading the girls' stories she had got to read everything in the paper, until now she enjoyed the most finished and thoughtful matter in it.

This, we may say, is pretty sure to follow in most cases. The papers we read, though we may not acknowledge the fact, do mold if not make our taste, and if one is observant he or she will see that the grade of the person's intelligence is generally clearly indicated by the papers or periodicals which are regularly perused. Hence, how very important it is to make a right and proper choice!

For the Good Words that are spoken of the SATURDAY JOURNAL by readers, correspondents and the press, it is not possible adequately to express our thanks. To quote one-half that is quotable of their opinions of the JOURNAL, or of its merits as compared with other weeklies, is not practicable. But, seeing that it is not necessary to reassure our patrons that they are served with the best paper which the best American talent can produce, we say to all well-wishers, "Thank you!" most heartily—one and all, and can promise for the fall and winter campaign a succession of serials, stories, sketches, essays, poems and humor that will satisfy the most exacting lover of entertaining literature.

FROM Conrad Wintworth (alias "Little Buckshot") we have this invitation to the hunting-grounds:

"I am an old hunter, and guide, and scout; and have my hunts with those English lords who come to the great West for pleasure."

"Now I want you to send some of your friends out to me in the middle of September, and I will give them a good elk hunt. I have a nice home, plenty of horses, a good team, and in two days I can have them with the elk, and it shan't cost them anything."

"Dr. Rose, of London, had the last hunt with me. He was delighted."

"Let me know when you or your friend will come and I will be at the railroad to meet you."

Address, box 148,
 "St. Paul, Nebraska."

If, with a sigh, we have to decline Conrad's generous offer, we hope some friend alive to sport will embrace the invitation and "go in" and have a good time with the old hunter.

ROBINSON'S Epitome of Literature for July bestows upon our old contributor, Wirt Sikes, a well-deserved biographic sketch. Mr. Sikes has been a busy and successful caterer to current literature for fifteen years, and now has a position as U. S. consul at Cardiff in Wales, which has been used to no small advantage in a literary way. It is pleasing to know the ready and industrious writer has in view other than mere magazine articles—that he has planned one or more books that will be sure to meet with a wide welcome both here and in the Old World. Success to him!

Sunshine Papers.

She—A Sample.

SHE was a tall, slender girl, something between fifteen and nineteen years. She had fine eyes, and ordinarily good features, and without being really pretty, was far from being really plain. Indeed, had she possessed the healthy fairness and freshness that belongs to youthful faces, she would have been positively attractive; but she had a worn, pale look which betrayed how little beneficial exercise she took, and how much she indulged in the dissipation of late hours and crowds, though she was a growing school-girl who should have spent every hour snatched from school and study in out-door recreation and long nights of absolute rest. She was nicely clad, but there was something in the manner of arranging her hair, and the jaunty trimmings of her hat, and the almost rakish style in which she wore it, that made her presence conspicuous. Viewed from one side her hat entirely concealed one eyebrow; and the eye that was just discernible being a bold gray one, she almost startled observers by her resemblance to a brigand. Viewed from the opposite direction her hat was cocked up to such an extraordinary angle that she had a decidedly forward, mannish appearance. With her was a younger girl so extremely different that the peculiarities of the one were more marked.

They were upon a public conveyance at an hour in the day when it was thronged with travelers. After obtaining a prominent position, conversation commenced and proceeded in just such a rattling, rapid, noisy style as is utterly unobtainable by other mortals than two silly, talkative girls. But she had the larger share of it, talked loud enough to be heard by a considerable audience, tried to say smart speeches, and looked around her, constantly, in great self-admiration, to see if the crowd appreciated her endeavors to entertain them. She criticised one or two books in a manner that lamentably betrayed her ignorance; announced her likes and dislikes of various matters and people; chaffed her companion about several gentlemen, always designating them by an initial or a descriptive phrase; reported some of her saucy remarks to her school-teacher; told how many different gentlemen called upon her; who were her escort and partners at the last social; and how many evening engagements she had ahead. All this was interrupted with tosses of the head, giggles, and efforts to flirt with a very bashful youth in her close vicinity. And the audience looked on, and listened, and exchanged glances of scorn and disgust, and one among them, if not more, was agonized in spirit by a mighty desire to step forward and put the young woman's hat upon her head as it belonged and bandage her mouth, and box her ears soundly, and send her home to her mother, with a command to that matron to see that her daughter conned her lessons and then went directly to bed; and the additional message that if the miss attempted to "sit up" with any youth, or go to an evening entertainment oftener than once a week, a good dose of slipper be administered in the old-fashioned maternal style.

If only some mothers could be found, with enough common-sense, spirit, and appreciativeness of their daughters' well-being to adopt such a summary course of treatment, a reform might be effected among the ranks of our silly, unhealthy, bold, ill-mannered school-girls. For these are degenerate days; and she is, after all, only a sample of a very large class of American misses! A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Cares and their Cure.

In reading some of the good stories in the SATURDAY JOURNAL and noticing the many difficulties the heroes and heroines meet with, and the numerous obstacles they surmount, and all so willingly and bravely, I cannot help thinking that a good lesson they teach us, and that it wouldn't be a bad idea if we were to carry some of these lessons into our every-day life, and see if we couldn't and wouldn't bear our little trials and grievances with more fortitude. It may require much patience and a vast amount of perseverance, but if we resolve that we will be braver, and that we will not faint on the way, ten to one the danger will soon be passed.

Doubtless you have read the story of the person who met a young lad pretty well laden with wood, and who remarked that he thought it was too much of a load for the boy.

The lad's answer was: "Father knows how much I can carry." Was not that the epitome of faith? Now, why cannot we have as much faith in our heavenly Father, and feel that "He shapes the back to the burden?" that He will not give us more trials than we can carry?

I once knew a dear, good man who had been afflicted, with blindness, and who, of course, was shut out from beholding many of the beauties that surround you and me, but he didn't sit in the corner and moan, and he didn't murmur at his affliction, and he didn't consider himself useless to himself or his fellow-beings.

He took up his cane and said—"There is not much I can do, but what I can, I will."

And he did. Once I met him in a crowded thoroughfare; he was alone, and upon his arm he carried a basket of eggs. I could not help saying that I feared the eggs would be broken ere the corner was reached. "Time enough to repine when the smash comes. They are safe now, and I am not going to think of ill consequences until ill consequences come."

How I then envied him his disposition; how I envy him it now!

When the youngsters come to a long and icy hill, they do not tremble and shiver, make up a long face and say that they "never can get down that hill in safety." They just slide down and take the consequences. Supposing they do get a few bumps? They jump up and are glad that they have fared no worse. Why cannot we slide over our troubles and take the consequences?

"Then I get into a thicket of brambles, I just trample them down and look forward to the fair open field beyond, and that is exactly the way I treat my trials; I trample them under foot and look forward to better times; and if those better times should never come, I do not think my time will have been wasted in looking forward, and I know the thought has made my life far sadder than if I had given way to despair and despondency."

Such were the wise words that fell from the lips of a good friend, who always seems cheerful, and with such a contented disposition, one cannot wonder at her cheerfulness. But, we are like some "old poke" who sits before the fire, all through the winter, with an almshouse in his hand and grows as he counts the days, and thinks spring is so far, far away. Time seems heavy to him because he makes no good use of it.

I have in mind a good young fellow who was buying for himself a snug little home, but who, in the midst of his endeavors, was thrown on a bed of sickness, and, upon his recovery, saw that board, doctors' bills and necessary expenses had eaten up his property, but he doesn't despair or contemplate committing suicide. Not he! He is working as hard as ever and looks forward to better days, and they will visit him. He doesn't think the gulf so hard to bridge. In fact he doesn't think much about the matter; he knows he must work, and he does work. Is he not far happier than he would be if he had the ridiculous idea that matters could not be mended?

There are a good many whining and depending individuals scattered through the land, and there are multitudes of cheerful and hopeful beings, and the latter have the pleasantest lives.

Don't say you cannot bear up, because you can do so if you would but try.

If you don't know where to find the spirit of contentment, go and search for it. Others have found it, why should not you? Don't talk of "utter despair," for it's foolish and wicked.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolsap Papers.

A Search for Truth.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION AROUND THE WORLD.

I USED to shake hands with myself and congratulate myself on the fact that I knew about everything that was ordained to be known. I was not puffed up or proud over it, but the satisfaction was the same, nevertheless. I made no effort to know any more, because, you know, I thought I couldn't. It has ever been one of the main characteristics of the Whitehorns to get to knowing everything, and then they generally die, which was right and proper, as of course they had nothing then to live for. Naturally I got very much alarmed. I would have sold out some of my stock gladly, but in my neighborhood everybody thought he was as well supplied as myself. I began to stir around for my health, and soon found that there were a good many things which I didn't know yet; a vast number. There are still many things which I want to find out before I graduate, and for this purpose I propose to organize an expedition around this little world, this summer, on a voyage of science and discovery, if I can get up a crew who yet lack a little of knowing everything. I think I will be able to get up enough for a small crowd if I try hard enough, and the fare will be very cheap as an extra inducement.

Among the things which I have got to find out before I am ready to give everything up in this world, I beg to mention a few.

I want to know what people grow at who have nothing to grow at and yet keep up the grow!

I want to know by what rule in Equation a fashionable woman's dress must be so long in the trail and yet so short in the neck?

I want to know why it is some people spread such fine thick carpets on their floors and such thin butter on their bread?

I want to find out why it must be that when a man accidentally happens to become a genius, if even it is in the hanging line, that he must studiously affect eccentricity and otherwise make a fool of himself in unnatural ways for the sake of style?

I want to know why a man can never be honest in this world without doing all he can to let everybody know it, and why does not modesty run in that direction?

I want to know where they get so much music in organic Italy, and why they had the heart to try to reorganize so much of late.

I want to know why a man who is too mean to pay anything he rightfully owes, will always be the first when he owes a man a licking to pay it promptly.

I wish to ascertain to a demonstrative point why it always, always everlastingly is that your neighbor's brats are so much noisier and more unruly than your own dear little children which everybody can see without the aid of smoked glass.

I want to find out if possible why it is that your wife is always the most irritable when she is putting up her hair, and why she does not therefore put a little of the oil of peace on.

I want to find out if it isn't always the case that when a man thinks so much of himself no one else has a chance left to think much of him.

I want to learn just exactly why it is that my neighbor always exasperatingly gets along a little better than I do.

I want to know why we can't have hot weather in winter when we would appreciate it the most, and cold weather in summer when we need it the most; and I also want to see why we can't throw the earth back six months in its course until July weather comes in January and January weather in July.

I want to know why it is that a woman always will discover that the apparel of a woman she despises always fits her better than her own, although she will never acknowledge it.

I want to find out just why it is in the nature of things that some workmen will sit down on a bench even if they are compelled to sit on a buzz-saw.

I want to find out why it is that when a person happens to get hurt or is dangerously sick, that half a dozen or so of people, good talkers, don't sit and entertain him with descriptions of his ills and accidents five times worse than his own.

I want to know why other people do not talk as much of other people as other people do of them or anybody else.

I want to find out by what law of human curiosity twenty men will stand and laboriously watch one man at work on the street, and why the same law does not influence the one man to sit down to watch the gaping twenty as a far greater curiosity.

I want to know why a man who has all the advantages of being henpecked at home is so particular as to put on a bold face abroad and let on like he is not a man of that kind.

I want to know why there can't be a gun invented which will go off the same at both ends in cases where they "didn't know it was loaded."

I want to know why your mother-in-law should always be your mother-in-law.

Many other vexing and vexing questions will be fathomed and fully explained, and will make this grand expedition a benefit to the whole world.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Manager.

NO MAN possesses real strength if he cannot, after having heard all that others have to say, resolve, and firmly resolve, what to do, and carry his resolution into effect. Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom, but above all, take counsel with yourself; make up your own mind what to do in this world, and—do it!

Topics of the Time.

—Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte's ninety-three years are easily worn. She is said to collect her own rents, and is a very shrewd woman of business.

—It is estimated that there are 200,000 head of cattle in Nebraska, west of the 100th meridian, representing over \$5,000,000 of capital—giving employment to 800 men whose wages, not including board, amount to \$27,000 monthly, or \$216,000 per annum.

—Boston baked beans can now be indulged in in every clime, and at the uttermost corners of the earth, thanks to the hermetically sealed can. The business has grown enormously. It only needs the savory brown bread to complete the festive dish. But that can't be canned!

—Commander Cameron, the African explorer, is contemplating another Eastern expedition. He will set out from the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, and cross Northern Syria to Kurdistan, whence he will make his way through Mesopotamia, Persia and Belochistan to Kurrachee.

—The popular hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," was written by a Scotch lady, Elizabeth C. Clephane, for a friend of hers, who edited *The Children's Hour*. Mr. Sankey first noticed it while riding on the train between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and it is now the most widely-known song which he sings.

—Ex-Governor Seymour has offered a \$50 medal as a prize for general excellence in cheese manufacture, to be shown at the proposed cheese fair at Utica in the autumn. He says that he has been writing to General Sherman, to learn if cheese could be made one of the rations of the army, and has received a cordial reply.

—At the present time the whole number of Jews in Jerusalem amounts to 13,000 souls. As such it forms more than one-third part of the entire population there, and exceeds almost double the Christian portion. The other cities of the Holy Land count together about 12,000 Jewish inhabitants—to wit: In Safed, 8,000; at Tiberias, 2,500; Hebron, 800; and Jaffa, 600. The Jews in Jerusalem are divided into two sects, the Hophardim and the Ashkenasim.

—General Benjamin F. Butler is reported as saying that in his childhood he was "one of the conventional good boys who always learn their Sunday-school lessons," and in this way he knew all the New Testament by heart and a good part of the Old. Afterward, when he read the Greek Testament at college he never had to study his translations. The mold of each chapter and every verse was already fixed in his mind.

—It is now supposed that the truth has been discovered concerning the fate of lovely Thos. Pool, of Eastern North Carolina, visited as a physician a family living near Cape Hatteras. On the wall he noticed hanging an exquisite oil painting of a beautiful woman. The head of the house, an old man, told the doctor that when he was a boy he had found it on a vessel which had been wrecked near the Cape, in a furious storm, which occurred in the winter of 1812 or 1813. All on board the vessel were lost. The portrait was that of Mrs. Alston, and this fact is thought to prove her death in this storm.

A special chart of the Polar regions has been made in London for Mr. Bennett, whose expedition, next year, is to go by Behring Strait. The warm current flowing north through the strait is represented as sweeping round the north-west coast of America, one arm of it going north by the west side of Banks's Land to 80° N. lat. No doubt this is the direction which it is intended the expedition will take. Kellett Land, at the north entrance to the strait, is extended into a great broad island, by the four-pointed wall of ice completely overgrown and as flowing. If such land really exists, it will certainly form an excellent basis for further operations by sledge.

—The problem of cheap living, which has drawn out so much correspondence in the *Tribune*, has also attracted attention in England. Vegetarians and meat-eaters have demonstrated that sixpence a day is amply sufficient to satisfy the requirements of any reasonable appetite, and now an enthusiast declares in *The Manchester Guardian* that a man can live well on sixpence a week, and completely never spend more. For twelve years he has abstained from any other food than bread and water, and at the age of fifty-one is in the enjoyment of better health than he ever had in his earlier years. He is blessed with a small appetite, and finds a four-pound loaf of bread quite sufficient for his sustenance during a week. Bread, he argues, is the natural food of man; if he will adhere to this diet and take proper care of his health, he will, in nine cases out of ten, arrive at a green old age, and will be completely free from disease, such as intoxicating liquors, milk, fresh meat and fish, which enervates the minds and bodies of men, and prepares the way for disease.

—Captain A. H. Bogardus, the American "wing shot," gave a remarkable exhibition of his skill at Stanley, England, recently. He undertook to break 300 glass balls in twenty-one minutes, using three guns of different weight and caliber. The humane objections which have been raised to the destruction of pigeons on matches of skill are completely overcome by this system of firing at glass balls. Two traps, each having a cup for the reception of the ball, which was attached to the spring, were placed about fifteen feet apart. To each spring there was a string, and upon this being pulled the spring was released and the ball was thrown several feet into the air, the captain shooting at it generally in its ascent. In the space of nineteen minutes he fired 308 shots, and missed only eight balls, thus performing his task with two minutes to spare. Notwithstanding the great exertions which such a feat involved, Captain Bogardus appeared but little fatigued. In the course of the afternoon he also displayed great skill in the use of the gun. It should be stated that shooting at glass balls does not require so much skill as shooting at flying birds. They certainly present a smaller object at which to fire, but there is a regularity in the manner in which they are projected into the air which gives to the practiced marksman an advantage which he would not have in shooting at flying birds.

—Brave little Mrs. Gaines is said to have remarkable legal knowledge. She is reported as saying that she has really no attributes but endurance and the power of talking. Speaking of her long struggle, she says: "I never have had a notion of either dying or giving up." As to talking, she says that she has found only one person who came near surpassing her in that. This was Madame Le Vert. "I met her in society in my early married life. She had evidently heard I was a noted talker, and her tongue ran so I could not get in a word. She had a way when she saw a person was about to speak of waiting them back with her hand. Three times we met, and I was foiled. At length I heard her talking French with an officer. She could make one word run on the heels of another in English, but in French she had to think of her pronunciation and speak slow. If possible I could jabber French faster than English, so I took up her words and started. I never stopped for two hours. I waived her back as she had me. After two hours headway in French, I launched into English, and talked one hour in English. Then I bid her adieu." A Washington correspondent of the *Times*, of Chicago, says that throughout her long battle with poverty and fate, Mrs. Gaines has kept a firm faith in the Protecting Power. She is thoroughly truthful and kind-hearted, and never forgets a kindness. There are now 300 families living in her houses in New Orleans. "I can't turn them out homeless," says the little woman. "I can go cold and hungry myself and have a happy heart if my conscience is all right, but I would never see a happy moment if I should do so mean a thing as that."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Was it Sin?" "A Good Ghost?" "His Two Loves?" "Her Country Cousin?" "The Time of Trial?" "Poor Lucille!" "The School Girl's Petition?" "The New Bonnet?" "Three Poems," by M. E. N. "A Lily of the Valley." Declined: "Skipping Rope?" "Sorry the Day?" "A Gay old Trip?" "Betty's Song?" "After Many Years?" "A Speech from a Barrel?" "A Wizard or Wolf?" "Captain De Boots?" "Speak Not Her Name."

H. L. W. Ms. quite imperfect; due three cents on postage.

HARRISON. If your employer treats you so rudely he is no gentleman, for no true gentleman ever demeans over, or is constantly insolent to, others in his service. Write such a man down a fool, and leave him as soon as you can. A petty tyrant always is a coward, and rarely is otherwise than a cringing sycophant to those above him.

MISS EX-JOE. No "apology" was necessary; only an explanation; a failure to keep a promise usually demands that. If it is all your fault ask the gentleman to call, and then, by his ready consent, to discuss the matter. Write such a man down a fool, and leave him as soon as you can. A petty tyrant always is a coward, and rarely is otherwise than a cringing sycophant to those above him.

M. S. G. The paper is called *wrapped tissue*. It is used by confectioners for wrapping candies to keep them from sticking. Address Geo. J. Crofts, 45 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Thank you for your kindly notice of the JOURNAL. About "leading to seven or eight different parties" why do you do it? It is a poor reader, indeed, who can't read a single page of a paper like the JOURNAL. You have our permission to say as much to each one of the borrowers.

ELEGANT ELEGANT. We know nothing of the preparation mentioned. Rub your face with raw ripe tomato, nightly. Don't know who is the "champion" banjo player. We pity him, whoever he is, in his hot weather. An orchard may be a very good place for a picnic; the woods are better if they are dry and deeply shady. Your writing can be considerably improved by practice. Take a course of any good copy-books.

COURTESY SEAT. We are so far the creatures of habit, custom and usage, and so accept what has been, as our guides, in conduct, that often what is pronounced *outré* or exceptional by mere custom is not so in fact. An orchard may be a very good place for a picnic; the woods are better if they are dry and deeply shady. Your writing can be considerably improved by practice. Take a course of any good copy-books.

BOY GARDENER. Now is just the time to slip plants for winter blooming. Start the slips in the same jars you wish them to remain in during the winter. Do not select slips of plants that bloom more freely for having the roots somewhat crowded. While there is room for the roots to spread and increase, they will not them plenty of sunshine and water, and pinch off all buds until October; then let them grow for winter blooming. You should take your slips in the middle of August, so that they may get used to the house and its different temperature before really cool weather comes.

ROBERTA. Bay rum in no way acts on the blood when used as a lotion. It is merely (if you use a decoction of the leaves and berries of the bay-tree (*laurel*), but most all the "bay rum" of the barber shops and drug stores is a spurious compound of scented alcohol. We do not therefore advise its use. For the skin, wash in pure water, using a slight quantity of borax to dissolve the oil in the pores, and to purify the skin. After the pores are open, use a weak solution of ammonia. No washes "act on the blood." If the blood is impure cleanse it by strict diet and a two or three day fast. Use a decoction of chamomile, sassafras and dandelion, made into a tea, sweetened to the taste and taken before each meal.

LEW M. Antipathies often arise from mere differences of temperament or tastes. Your father's, toward the lady, ought not to annoy her. If your mother approves the association maintain it. Accept your father's advice, and be unable to take such trips, owing to their expense, and he so much enjoys your company, of course accept his invitations, and do not allow your mother to be vexed by his doing all you can to make yourself a desirable guest. Permit no extravagance of separate rooms, or unnecessary expense in carriages, boats, or other expensive trifles. You may thus be the very friend he needs. Never mind "what people say." It is wholly your own and friend's affair. Sometime you may be able to return his favors in kind.

MOLLIE P. P. Milwaukee, Wis., asks: "Will you tell me how to arrange my hair at night? I have always been used to going to bed with it put up just as I had worn it during the day, and I have heard lately, that if I would take it down it would be better for me, as my hair falls out badly. How often, if ever, ought the hair to be washed? I used to wash it once a week, and brush it with a stiff brush, for at least five or ten minutes. It is best for the hair to leave it loose at night, just tossing it over the shoulder, and in the morning, above your head. If arranged, simply braid it loosely, and tie loosely, near the end, with a bit of ribbon. Once a week wash the hair with a bowl of cold or tepid water, to which a teaspoonful or so of liquid ammonia has been added. Rub the scalp well with the fingers, dry the hair thoroughly, with towels, leave it loose over the shoulder, and quite dry, then brush ten minutes. Twice a day brush the hair vigorously. Clip the split ends once a month. By adhering to these rules, and fully you will soon have a healthy head of hair that will not come out."

NELSON B. S. says: "In hot weather I suffer extremely with the heat, and am troubled with my hands and feet perspiring excessively. I have tried many remedies, and there is no way in which excessive perspiration can be checked without injury to the system? And will anything obviate the strong odor caused by perspiration under the arms? Take a cold bath, daily; especially washing the feet well in cold water; do not eat or drink what is very stimulating in its nature, but adhere to a generous diet. Lemon juice is sometimes effective in checking excessive moisture of the hands. Make a powder of starch or arrowroot, perfume with rose water, and use it upon the palms of the hands and sprinkle it inside the socks and gloves. A gill of liquid ammonia added to a pail of cold or tepid water (the former is preferable), makes an invigorating, purifying, and cooling solution in which to bathe during warm weather. It cleanses wonderfully, it removes the odor of perspiration, it is as refreshing as healthy as a sea-bath, and a spoonful of ammonia (liquid) added to a basin of water and used to wash under the arms, and to bathe the feet, will remove the strong odor of which you complain."

MISS "DORA EARLE" writes: "Will you tell me exactly what I want to wear upon an ocean voyage? I am going with some friends of my father's to the Paris Exposition, and I want to know just what to provide myself with for perspiration, without asking them. I am a country girl, and unused to journeys of any kind; but I don't want to seem 'green.' The best steamer dress is a simple, but trim, one, made of dark material, and but little trimmed. It must be short enough to clear the deck, all around, as the decks are often wet and muddy, and garments that become wet with salt water you will find it almost impossible to dry. The Princess style of dress is most comfortable and convenient, being easily arranged. Your petticoats should be of flannel, scarlet, or gray trimmed with scarlet, or navy-blue trimmed with white or black. Wear thick, high, buttoned boots, or elastic low shoes and woolen leggings. The former are more stylish-looking. Linen collars—those with collarette attached are best, as they do not need to be pinned to the neck, and are neater than any other fixtures for neck and wrists. The calico cuffs and collars are nice for ship-board. Have a waterproof outer, made with plenty of pockets, sleeves gathered on elastic cord at the wrists, and long enough to quite cover your dress. Also have a worsted or merino hood that will quite cover your head, and a flannel wrapper for your state-room. You will need a rug, a steamer-chair (this can be bought at a trunk store), and a thick shawl. When you get to the other side, pack your steamer outfit and leave it with the steamship agents. Take few things with you, if you desire to make purchases upon the other side—say a handsome traveling dress, red and one silk suit, and a few changes of linen. All small toilet articles you can purchase cheaper abroad than at home."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

FIFTY.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

On the crest of the hill my feet are at last—
The hill that once loomed so far and so high;
Let me pause while I count the milestones I have
passed—
Let me rest ere I tread the untrodden paths before.

Far backward among the low hills that I climbed,
With Youth's eager feet which scarce seemed to
tire,
I discern the fierce loaves with glowing hopes timed
That stirred in my soul ambition's desire.

I scan their green graves and read on the stone:
This love is vanished from the altar too great—
"This passion it pined too proud to be known"—
"This friendship grew cold and perished in hate."

I stand on this crest that overlooks all—
Recount the self-struggles endured and fought—
The triumphs that came unbraved by a fall—
The victories won yet were worthless and naught.

"Oh, what have I done?" I demand of my heart—
"What, oh, my soul, are the treasures you've
got?"
Along the dim paths I pursued from the start
I count only wrecks all the way to this spot.

The castles all crumbled—dissolved in the air,
The arches and pillars all toppled and fell,
While the hurrying throng passed by with a stare
Or, elate with success, gave the victor's rude yell.

Alone here I stand picturing palaces lost;
My eyes brim with tears of deathless regret;
My lips tremble with the prayers that I cost
To teach a stern will what a life may beget.

For each silver thread that shimmers my hair—
For each furrow laid on my once fair brow,
There's a hurt on the heart no hand can repair—
A wound, though closed, pains the still soul below.

From this high hill I look down on the way
That leads to the Valley of Slumber and Rest;
One lingering look: "Adieu, Past!" I say—
One pang of regret and I pass from the crest.

Typical Women.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

If not a "typical woman" in the sense of
great achievement or an exciting life, this lady
occupies so distinguished a place in society and
has so fair a literary reputation as to render a
personal sketch eminently proper. While the
South claims her with peculiar pride, as one of
its most beautiful and accomplished daughters,
in the North she is widely known and ap-
preciated both for her social and literary
merits.

Her father was Mr. John Griffith, a gentle-
man of elegant culture and literary tastes. He
was the author of poems and tales, some of
which were popular Indian stories and pub-
lished in annuals, and of compilations of Eng-
lish history. He was the brother of William
T. Griffith, one of the most eminent lawyers at
the Mississippi bar. Rosa's mother was Miss
Abercrombie, the daughter of Rev. Dr. James
Abercrombie, an Episcopal clergyman, whose
memory is much revered in Philadelphia and
other parts of the United States.

Rosa was born at Natchez, Miss. Her moth-
er, who was a beautiful and accomplished
woman, died young, leaving four children.
Rosa was adopted by her maternal aunt, Mrs.
Vertner, who took her to a beautiful place
owned by her country home called "Beeches-
ton," near Port Gibson, Miss. The influence
of early associations was such as to foster
genius and refined poetic taste; and Rosa, with
the most tender training, had the advantage
of the instruction best fitted to develop her
talents. Her affection for this charming place
was expressed in the poem, "My Childhood's
Home."

At ten years of age she was taken to Lexing-
ton, Kentucky, for the purpose of completing
her education at the celebrated seminary under
charge of Bishop Smith. Her father superin-
tended her studies.

She was married, at seventeen, to Mr. Claude
M. Johnson, a gentleman of fortune and ele-
vated character. They made their residence in
Lexington, and during part of the year upon
Mr. Johnson's plantation in Louisiana.

One of her friends thus describes her appear-
ance at this or a subsequent period:

"She was one of the most beautiful women
I ever knew. Her head and face were perfect
as a Greek Hebe. She is large and full, with a
magnificent bust and arm; eyes real violet
blue; mouth exquisite, with the reddest lips
and perfect features; hair dark brown, glossy,
curling and waving over a nobly-proportioned
brow. She is bright, gay, joyous, and perfect-
ly unaffected in manner; full of fun and
even practical jokes, and with the merriest
laugh."

The death of Mr. Johnson left her alone with
four young children. In 1850 she began to
contribute to the *Louisville Journal*, edited by
George D. Prentice. A number of her poems
appeared in that paper, and she was at the same
time a contributor to other journals. In 1857
the first volume of her poems was published by
Ticknor & Fields, in Boston. The book elicited
the warmest tribute from the press, and at once
secured for its author high rank as a poet in
America. Her hero poet, Theodore
O'Hara, wrote of her:

"Nature, as if to illustrate the munificence
of her bounty, has bestowed on Mrs. Johnson, in
addition to great personal beauty, gentleness
of disposition, vast fortune, and all the joys of
domestic life, the lofty attributes of genius.
There is scarcely a line which does not breathe
the inspiration of true poetry. There is no
pretension, no straining after effect, no stilted
phrasology, seeking in its pompous flow to
dignify by mere drapery trivial, commonplace
impressions—but a genuine outpouring of that
exquisite sensibility which gives to the occur-
rences of daily life the fascination of romance.
We have seldom seen developed in a higher
degree that subtle power which clothes with a
mantle of tenderness and beauty every object
it touches. Memory and imagination mingle
their trophies in the lovely pictures which she
paints; and so faultless is the skill with which
they are blended, that some of these poems
seem an exquisite tissue of interwoven light
and shade. The style is easy and glowing; the
language chosen with exquisite taste, or
rather it seems but an atmosphere of the
thought it envelops. The imagery is striking
and appropriate, and always perfect in its an-
alogy. The sentiment is tender and noble, re-
flecting in beautiful harmony the radiance of
intellect with the cheering warmth of true wo-
manly feeling."

"The Sunset City" a critic described as "a
magnificent specimen of descriptive poetry.
Every line seems to glow with brilliant gems."
"The Frozen Ship" exhibits the highest order
of poetic merit; abounding in graphic descrip-
tion, in delicate tenderness of expression and
beauty of sentiment.

Mrs. Johnson resided with her adopted
parents till her marriage with Mr. Alexander
Jeffrey, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, de-
scended of a noble family, and celebrated for
scientific and literary attainments. The fol-
lowing brief extract will go home to the sym-
pathies of all mothers:

BABY POWER.

Six little feet to cover,
Six little hands to fill,
Tumbling out in the clover,
Stumbling over the sill,
Six little stockings ripping,
Six little shoes half-worn;
Spreads the promiser's whippers,
Skirts, shirts and aprons torn;
Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
Headless of bites and stings;
Walls and furniture scratching,
Twisting off buttons and strings.
Into the sugar and flour,
Into the salt and meal,
Their royal, baby power
All through the house we feel!
Behind the big stove creeping,
To steal the kindling wood;
Into the cupboard peeping,
To hunt for "someskin dood."
The dogs they cease to snarl,
The chickens know no rest,
Yet the old cook calls them "darling,"
And loves each one "the best."

These beautiful poems have become so widely
popular as to be almost "household words."
They have endeared their author to all Scan-
dian readers. Her charming qualities of char-
acter, her brilliant powers of fascinating con-
versation, and the evidences of a pure, noble
and generous nature, have made her an ad-
mired leader in the circles in which she moves.
Her portrait adorns the "Queen of American
Society," with a very brief sketch.

Enumerating the poems of Mrs. Jeffrey, ex-
hibiting the highest powers of thought and im-
agination, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*
noticed "the magnificent poem of 'The First
Eclipse,' and that noble lay, 'The Frozen Ship,'
worthy to rank as the sequel and complement
of the 'Ancient Mariner.' Whenever she has
expressed these loftier paths, she has trodden
them with signal ease and success. If her
course has turned more frequently and kindly
to lighter themes, it has been owing mainly to
the genial and sunny temper of her spirit, not
to any lack of warmth or energy in her genius.
She possesses latent force and fire enough to
scale the giddy heights of poetry with match-
less grace.

Her poetry is the simple exhibition of the
untold riches of her soul, rather than the coin-
ing of her subtlety. It is the free, unfettered
outgrowth of her nature. Her bright and lofty
intuitions, her superb repose, her breathing
grace, her seraphic loveliness, her elevation,
passion, purity, and incomparable sweetness,
are all reflected in its pictured depths. Her
poetry is the essence of herself; and she is the
incarnation of her poetry. Both are as beau-
tiful as dreams of heaven."

"Her favorite themes," says another critic,
"relate to the beautiful and noble, and always
display her wealth of thought and depth of feel-
ing. The buoyancy of her spirit, her elasticity
of temperament and freshness of feeling, are
conspicuous throughout the whole of her verse,
and throw a peculiar light and grace over her
clear and classic productions. She has an art-
istic and noble sympathy with the beautiful in
nature, a pure intemperance of the true mission
of Art as its interpreter, with an elevated purity
of taste, emanating from her fine instincts. Her
dominant, impetuous spirit asserts its individu-
ality in each of her glowing effusions, marked
as they are by a superb scorn of all meanness,
and by the predominating impulses of an ardent,
imaginative, high-souled woman. The elegant
movement of her verse is a separate excellence.
Her style is adapted to her themes, and varies
readily with each of her changing moods. There
is almost a captivating abandon which is in
happy accordance with her ethereal and playful
fancy."

And to her Mr. Prentice addressed one of his
most charming tributes of poetry, from which
we quote:

"And thou hast that strange gift,
The gift of genius, high and proud and strong,
At whose behest thoughts beautiful and swift
Around thee throng.

"They come to thee from far,
From air and earth and ocean's boundless deeps,
They rush in glory from each shining star
On heaven's blue steep.

"They leap from earth's far bound,
From the red volcano's depths they start,
From bow and cloud they float, and gather round
Thy burning heart.

"Then at thy high command
They stand all marshaled in thy peerless lay,
As some great warrior marshals his proud band,
In bright array.

"Thy hand has power to trace
Words as enduring as yon planet's flame,
Words that forever, mid our changing race,
Will keep thy name."

Pretty and Proud:
OR,
THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.
A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUA-
KERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

"WHERE shall I fly?" cried Mercedes, dart-
ing to a door which opened into a back room,
used as a kitchen by Diego's mother.

At that instant the frail front door yielded to
the pressure applied and four men rushed into
the little sitting-room.

With a faint scream Mercedes fled to the
outer door of the kitchen; but when she opened it
a policeman stood there and she shrunk back
again.

She could not reach the staircase, for it
opened out of the sitting-room; so she stood
there, trembling until the officer pushed her
by the shoulders into the parlor, saying to Alexander:

"Here is your wife."

"Yes, in pretty company, too! Curse it,
Brant, is this the sort of woman you foisted on
me!—runs away from her lawful husband to
slay in the same house with a man who isn't her
husband! Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Henry had sprung to his feet when
the knock was heard. He stood by his chair
confronting the intruders, yet quite helpless to
protect the lady, since the only weapon he had,
a small pistol, was up-stairs under his pil-
low.

He never knew, until that moment, that he
was a man. He had doubted his courage and
despised himself when he realized how timid he
felt about the false position Mercedes was in.

But when the man stood before him, who had
come to tear her away when he heard the
coarse insinuations of that man—there was first
a tiger of jealous rage within him, and
second, a lion of noble rage at hearing the woman
he loved insulted.

"Take care," he cried, in a voice low from
the very intense concentration of his passion.
"I shall protect this young lady from such in-
sults. I am unarmed at present, sir; but you
cannot hope to live very long if you dare to
calumniate this lady."

"I shall do what I please with my own!" was
the insolent reply. "These officers will see
that I am secure in my legal right to claim pos-
session of my wife."

"Your wife is quite willing to go without
compulsion whenever you demand," spoke up
Marquita, stepping up before Alexander, and
looking full in his face. "I am your wife.
You know it. There was a ceremony legally
performed by Father Ignatius, which made
me your wife. He is deceiving you," she
added, to the officers. "It was I he married.
Beware that you do not become parties to a
crime."

"Get out of my way!" said the gold-bug, with
an oath, and, in his fury, he struck Marquita a
stinging blow on the cheek.

"Bill, it would have been better for you not
to have done that," she muttered; but he did
not hear her—did not care; he had advanced
and sought to take Mercedes by the arm, but she
sprang behind Lord Henry, and put her hand to
her bosom!

Brant had said nothing yet, but stood looking
on with a savage smile.
"Go home with your husband, you hussy!" he
now shouted.

"What is that other fellow to you, that you
should get behind him?"
Mercedes blushed.

Lord Henry turned himself partly around
and looked tenderly at her; then he faced the
others again. No hesitation, no shrinking now:
"I am one who hopes, some day, to be so for-
tunate as to be her true and loving husband.
You are her father, sir. Let me say a word to
you. I met your daughter at Miss Silverman's,
and loved her. I had no chance to tell her so,
for you came for her that night of our first
meeting. I went back to England unable to see
her again. But I could not forget her. Learning
that she was somewhere in California, I
traveled over seas and mountains in the hope of
finding her and telling her that she was the one
woman in the world to me. I reached the
Palace Hotel, San Francisco, the day before
you arrived there with your daughter. My
room adjoined yours, and I overheard, through
the open transom, enough of your conversation
to convince me that the lady I loved—to save
whom from the slightest shadow of shame or
grief, I went back to England—was about to be
forced into a union mutterably hateful to her.
I resolved to offer my aid to escape from the
danger. I assisted her in getting away, and
Marquita, here, found a place of concealment.
When I aided her flight from the hotel, I ex-
pected to quit her the first moment she was safe;
but a wound in the head, from one of the pis-
tols you fired after us, disabled me, so that I
have been kept here under the care of Mara-
quita and Mrs. Lopez. Being now well enough
to go, I had made my plans to leave day after
to-morrow. I have not even until this mo-
ment—told your daughter that I loved her.
Her circumstances were such as to demand pru-
dence and patience on my part. I tell you now,
sir, that I choose her for my wife, if she will do
me the grace to have me. Perhaps you know
who I am—Henry, only son of the Earl of Essex.
I have lived an honorable life, and if you
will consider my claims, you will find me, per-
haps, as worthy of your daughter's hand as any
man can be of so priceless a gift."

"You are too late, my lord," sneered Alex-
ander, without giving Brant time to make a re-
ply. "The lady you are so kind as to admire is
already my wife. It will be for the interest of
all that you permit her to depart with me, with-
out more words."

"I am not and never will be his wife," reiterated Mercedes, appealing to the police officer.
"Marquita took my place before the altar."
It was a deception I had to practice in self-de-
fense.

"It seems to be a mixed-up affair," re-
marked the officer of police. If the lady
won't come from Alameda, why don't you
let her go? There's as good fish in the sea as
ever were caught."

"I didn't ask you for your advice, Robbins.
I brought you here to help me in securing my
rights. Dash you! if you don't do it, I'll see it
to you. I dismissed from the force before the
week is out."

"Well, so be it. Come on, young lady. You
must go with your husband. Girl, bring her a
shawl 'n' bonnet, will you?"

The four intruders advanced to seize one poor,
weak girl.

"Beware men!" cried Lord Henry, keeping
himself between Mercedes and them.

"Stand out of my way," snarled the gold-
bug. "I only want a good excuse for shooting
you like a dog. His revolver was in his hand,
and he was ready to shoot and reckless."

Lord Henry did not blanch.
"Stand out of my way!"
"Do not touch the lady!"

The two men eyed each other. The colder
blood of the Englishman was warmed, thor-
oughly. His cold blue eyes shot sparks of fire.
The Californian raised his weapon. Swiftly,
unexpectedly, lighter than a cat, my lord
sprung upon him, with a left-handed blow in
the stomach of his adversary which laid the lat-
ter flat, while the revolver flew ten feet away.
Lord Henry caught it up, before the other
could catch his breath.

Swearing a big oath, Ben Brant fired at the
Englishman; but the pistol snapped without do-
ing any injury.

"My quarrel is not with you," Lord Henry
said, calmly.

And then a pair of arms went about Ben's
neck, nearly strangling him; he could not tear
them away; they clung like a wildcat's. "Fa-
ther, don't shoot! If you kill him, you kill
me!"

"Let go of me, you little wench! Here, Rob-
bins, take her off!"

"Father, I love him! I love him!"
"Don't shoot!—there's no sense in your laying
yourself liable to the charge of manslaughter,
Brant," cried the officer, pulling the soft white
apron of the girl from around her father's neck.

"Don't get into a scrape that you will be sorry
for—don't! Come, I'll take the young lady
along. There need be no further trouble." He
kept his rough hand on the tender shoulder of
Mercedes. "Come along with that shawl 'n'
bonnet, and come on to Frisco."

By this time Alexander was on his feet again.
He had lost his revolver—that was in the hands
of the enemy—but, mad and blind with fury
and hatred, he drew a common jack-knife from
his pocket, opened a blade, and rushed at the
young man who had so repulsed him.

"Back!" shouted the latter, in a warn-
ing voice.

"It's your life or mine," panted the gold-bug,
between his clenched teeth.

But the grim mouth of the weapon pointed at
his heart. For a second the two antago-
nists looked at each other in the eye. Even then
Lord Henry was sufficiently cool to reflect upon
the folly of wanton murder; neither did he wish
to injure this man unnecessarily; but he was
determined to defend himself.

I call upon you, officers of the law, to ob-
serve that I act solely in self-defense," he said,
quite calmly.

Brant half-dropped his leveled pistol to watch
those two: the straining eyes of Mercedes, as
she shrunk from the heavy hand of Robbins,
were fixed upon them, wide-dilated with dread.
Marquita, her blooming face grown yellow, had
shrunk as an autumn leaf, also gazed at them
sternly. The mark of her lover's hand was
purple along one side of her cheek, and she made
no effort to hide it.

It had been a close, sultry August day; and
the evening stars had been still and hot, and the
usual sea-fog and cold sea-air seemed not to
have come to the relief of oppressed humanity;
in that little room the atmosphere was suffocating,
but its occupants had something to think of
besides the heat.

Alexander came closer; he was evidently
watching an opportunity to make a thrust, at
the same time that he was on guard against sur-
prise, after that first lesson.

The officers should have interfered, yet were
themselves fascinated, as men will ever be, by
the exciting display of passions that had gone
beyond all mastery. Instead of thrusting them-
selves between the two combatants, they hung
with breathless interest upon the gray face,
the scowling brows, the glowing eyes and lips drawn
away from the glistening white teeth of the
Californian.

He silently wondered if he would spring,
with that glittering weapon aimed steadily by
a hand of steel.

Brant was alarmed. He was certain that his
friend would be killed. The first movement
made was his again raising the sword to show
the Englishman in Alexander's defense. One of
his charges had failed him; but the others prob-
ably would not.

All were so intent upon the two that no one

saw him point his weapon at Lord Henry. Not
that he cared to kill him, but that he would not
see his friend endangered. His finger on the
trigger, his aim exact—he fired.

This time the charge was all right—no fizzling
then!

Even at the very instant his revolver was dis-
charged, something strange occurred. The lit-
tle house shivered. There was a sort of low
murmur and throbbing of the hitherto lifeless
air.

The floor moved under the feet of Ben Brant
as he pulled the trigger, so that the shot which
should have gone to the heart of the man it was
intended for took an oblique impulse, entering
the wall several inches above his head.

An earthquake! An earthquake!" screamed
Diego's mother.

Again there was a low grumble and grinding
of the earth; the house shook more violently
than before; the sash rattled.

Marquita sprang to catch the lamp, but it
tumbled to the floor, broke, and spread the fiery
oil in every direction; a picture of the Holy
Family fell with a crash; the door flew open,
and fortunate was it that it did, for if it had, as
often happens, become firmly closed from a
sinking of the frame, they might all have been
burned together.

A large splatter of the blazing oil fell on Alex-
ander's hand. His fury was no match for that of
the elements. To perish in a burning house was
not an inviting prospect. He made a rush, with
the others, for the street. The earth continued
to rise and fall with a sickening, frightful swell
beneath their feet. The air was full of dust, and
lamps along the way had been extinguished by
the shock; people were running about, children
screaming.

Mercedes, giddy and frightened, reached the
middle of the street and stood there in the dark-
ness and the crowd of people she was able to see
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into the two tall windows of her room as she entered. Rosine came in, but she sent her to bed. Standing by one of the windows, the silver flood of moonlight fell on a gray, dreary face, and slender, listless hands, the gems on whose fingers scarcely flashed, so still they lay folded on one another.

"We might go away to some remote part of the world, she and I," she thought, "what would that avail us? My happiness is lost again—lost forever! I will not see the earl again! He shall not be dragged into this humiliating, sickening trouble. He shall return, unfettered, to his home, without his garments even brushing this scoundrel's hair, a note, presently, that will end our engagement. But, my doors shall not open to that scoundrel tomorrow. I will find some way to protect my darling. They shall not have her! I will thwart them there! Sooner would I see my beautiful child laid out in her coffin than they should even look at her! They may do as they please about revenging themselves on me. I know what Ben Brant has threatened and what he will do. Very well. I am in his power, as he said; but Mercedes is not. I will try not to think of myself. Alas, does Heaven think my punishment has not been severe enough—that I yet have no right to happiness and peace? No peace—no peace," and a low, tremulous wail, pitiful indeed, came from the ashen lips.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

BONNIE BELLE

BALLAD.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Bonnie Belle, oh, Bonnie Belle,
I have lost thee, rarest maiden!
Where thy tones were wont to swell,
All the air with sweets was laden.
When the twilight heavens blushed—
Love, thy cheeks their hues exelling—
From thy lips, thy fountain, gushed
Rills of music, trembling, swelling.

When I felt thy song's control,
Every care away was taken;
All the music in my soul
At thy spell would ever waken.
Flowers of hope and joy would bloom
In the bosom of thy lover,
Like the dreams of bliss that come
When the weary day is over.

How I miss thee, bird of song,
When the twilight flashes brightly,
And the low wind sighs among
Trembling leaves and branches nightly.
More I prize thee, Bonnie Belle,
Than thy music warbled clearly;
Other hearts may love thee well—
None can love thee half so dearly.

Elegant Egbert:

OR,
THE GLOVED HAND.
A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

AUTHOR OF "TIGER DICK," "A HARD CROWD,"
"THE KIDNAPER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Adele and Jack reached Riverside, Egbert and Sibyl were boating on the river. Mrs. Cornish was having her beauty-sleep, and Felix was taking a bath—a luxury in the enjoyment of which he emulated the old Romans, and which was sure to occupy him until dinner-time. Adele employed this respite to regain her composure, and when she met the rest of the household at dinner, only Sibyl noticed any change in her.

Two days later, Jack, who was to be one of the quartette to practice a mass, sent his regrets and the information that he was suddenly called away from town. Then Sibyl drew the most natural inference, and kept her own counsel.

But from the unsuspicious M. Bourdoine Long Jack had learned all about the engagements, and was, as he would have said, "playing his cards fine."

To Felix Adele was just the gentlest betrothal that ever was, and he accepted it all like a Grand Sultan, never dreaming how much of her tenderness was remorseful, because there was a battle going on in her mind whether she should sacrifice him to save Egbert.

But hardest of all was her intercourse with her brother.

A great change had come over Egbert. His accustomed almost melancholy gravity had given place to a strange fickleness of temper.

He could scarcely endure to have Sibyl out of his sight. If she were gone but half an hour, he grew restless and almost fretful. When parting with her at night, he clung to her hands as if for the last time; and in the morning he greeted her with a sense of relief that would not be concealed. One night on awaking she found him pacing the lawn beneath her window. When, after watching him awhile, she again sought her pillow, her heart swelling with happiness and love, and on her lips a prayer for guidance in making his life one long summer day, the clock on her mantelpiece chimed three.

In company with others there was nothing "spooky" about him. He seemed artificially exuberant, and his ebullitions of wit and his brilliant conversation charmed his hearers.

But they were much alone together, and then he was silent for the most part, or spoke short sentences in a low, almost caressing tone. He would sit holding her hand, and when his eyes rested upon her, it was with a sort of remorseful tenderness.

All this Adele noticed, and she shuddered at the thought of Long Jack's threat being carried into effect. But another influence was at work. As she reflected on the ten years she had known Egbert so intimately, and now listened to the noble sentiments he uttered, she began to wonder how she could have entertained for an instant Long Jack's absurd charge.

The gambler's departure she construed as an ignominious flight after the failure of his scheme; and as the time of Felix's wedding approached, bringing the conclusion of the preparations for the marriage, in the absorbing interests of the occasion she almost forgot Long Jack and the anxiety he had caused her.

But the day before the great event Jack made his appearance, and having got her alone in the drawing-room, said:

"Adele, I have given you the time you asked. I am come now for your answer. Understand, if you refuse my terms, the happiness of your brother and his affianced wife, and of which Adele and Felix will be in no better situation. You know the pride underlying his carelessness where any real issue of honor or dishonor is presented. I leave it to you whether he will marry the sister of Egbert Stanhope when he knows the truth. On the other hand, if you accept, the world will pass my lips, and at least two will be happy, the one in her ignorance, the other in the possession of what he most craves on earth. What is your decision?"

The girl had listened patiently. Now she drew herself to her full height, and stood before him.

"Mr. Boardman," she replied, very distinctly, "at our last interview you took me unawares, and I was weak enough to listen to your gross assault on my brother's honor. Since then I have had time to reflect, and to see him in all his grand manhood. It is to my lasting shame that I ever permitted a shadow of a doubt of him to enter my mind. Sir, you may have the power to wound him by referring to that which may be a great misfortune, but that you can successfully impeach his honor I do not believe—I know that you cannot! While I would do all within reason to spare him pain, I would be untrue to myself and to him to make so disproportionate a sacrifice as to wreck my life and forewarn my womanhood to shield him from

that distress for which the love of his wife and of myself can afterward compensate. No, sir! I spurn your proposition, as an insult to my brother and to myself."

She turned to leave the room, but he caught her wrist.

"Adele, you are beside yourself," he cried. "You may selfishly refuse to shield him, hoping to retain Felix for yourself, in spite of the dishonor; but you cannot discredit the fact that I assert."

"You greatly mistake me, if you think I am actuated by selfish motives. As strange as it may appear to you, I would stake my life on my brother being incapable of what you charge him with. Allow me to pass, if you please."

"But all appearances are in corroboration." "Then they are mistaken appearances."

"Oh! when will a woman be reasonable! I swear to you that in three, if you do not listen to me I will summon the family this instant and denounce him before them all! You need not be to the trouble of leaving the room, for I shall require your attendance with the rest."

He approached the bell-rope and took it in his hand.

"Yes, or no?" he demanded, sternly.

The girl turned pale and faint, but in a firm voice she said:

"Emphatically and irrevocably—no!"

Long Jack gave the bell-rope a violent wrench. Adele stood breathless.

"For the last time!" whispered Jack. "Shall I say that you want a glass of water?"

"No, sir!" said Adele, disdainfully.

"In heaven's name, reflect!"

Jack was pale as death. The attainment of his life-object hung in the balance.

"I have reflected. Do your worst."

"With dilating nostrils Jack turned to the waiting servant."

"Say to Mr. Cornish that I wish to see him and his whole household, including Mr. Stanhope and Monsieur Bourdoine!"

For good or ill, the die was cast!

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOUR SISTER IS ABOUT TO MARRY A FELON!"

With a dizzy sense of suffocation Adele sunk into a seat.

There was an interval of dead silence. Then the door opened, and Felix entered, looking very much puzzled.

"Do I understand my servant," he asked, "that you wish to see—"

"Your whole household, if you please."

"Why, what in the world—"

"I have an announcement to make in which all are vitally concerned."

"Including Mr. Stanhope and Monsieur Bourdoine?"

"Yes—the last more as a friend of the family, perhaps."

"Summon Mrs. Cornish and the two gentlemen," said Felix to the servant.

Sibyl entered while he was speaking. At a glance she noticed Adele's agitation.

"What is the matter, dear?" she whispered, going to her side.

"Wait! wait!" said the girl, breathlessly, avoiding the arm Sibyl would have put about her.

Sibyl looked surprised, and turned her eyes upon Long Jack.

He stood leaning against the mantel, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the end of his rattle. He was very pale, with compressed lips and a gloomy frown.

Felix, seeing that there was something unpleasant on the carpet, and that Adele was in some way concerned in it, walked straight over to her, sat down beside her, and took her hand.

"Well, little love," he said, in a low tone, yet with the air of one who was ready and able to fight the whole world in her defense, "there is no occasion to look so scared, whatever lies back of this mysterious invocation."

Again the girl, more nervously than before, said:

"Wait! wait!"

And she not only withdrew her hand, but started to her feet.

Felix flushed scarlet, and then with slow-compelling pace he turned upon the gambler.

M. Bourdoine appeared in the doorway, saw at a glance the general discomfiture, paused with his most deprecating bow, and said:

"Mille pardons! Est ce une mistake? Did monsieur summon me?"

"Pray enter, M. Bourdoine," said Felix.

The Frenchman bowed again, glanced once more around the circle, shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly, and walked to a window.

Mrs. Cornish now entered, and bridled the instant she felt the atmosphere of the place. Her step became a stately march, and in icy tones she asked:

"What is it, Felix?"

"Be seated, please. Doubtless we will all hear presently," replied her son.

Lastly came Egbert.

There was a dreary half-smile on his face at the moment he opened the door. He stopped instantly, and stood framed in the doorway, struck with sudden pallor.

Until now he had not been apprised of Long Jack's return. He had forgotten all about him, or thought him hundreds of miles away. Now the gambler stood glaring at him with almost ferocious malignity.

It was the day before the culmination of his happiness. Was Fate about to dash the cup from his lips at the last moment?

Every eye was fixed upon his face. He stood like a man brought to bay.

With a suppressed cry, Adele glided across the room and slipped her hand through his arm. As plainly as words could have expressed it the action declared her determination to stand or fall with him.

Egbert glanced down at her in mute acknowledgment, and then advanced steadily into the room.

Sibyl would have risen and gone to him; but Felix caught her wrist and drew her back into her seat. He had a man's instinctive shrinking from a scene.

"Be seated, Stanhope," he said, essaying his wonted off-hand manner. "Mr. Boardman seems to have something to impart which demands the united wisdom of the family."

"Mr. Boardman, pray proceed. We all attend you."

"My friends," began Long Jack, with a sweeping bow, which included all the Cornishes, and a separate one to M. Bourdoine, which made his ignoring of the Stanhopes all the more marked, "a very painful duty has devolved upon me, but I feel that the claims of hospitality and the ordinary due of humanity prohibit me from silence."

"Mr. Cornish, I understand that your sister is on the eve of marriage."

"Yes—well?"

"What do you know of the man she is about to marry?"

Sibyl started forward, and then sunk back into her seat.

Mrs. Cornish's eyes flashed, and beneath her breath she murmured:

"What, indeed?"

Adele, who had remained standing beside her brother, put her arm about his neck, as if to protect him.

Egbert never moved a muscle.

"Eh? What do I know about him?" repeated Felix, in bewilderment.

"Exactly?"

"Why, what should I know about him? What do you know about him?"

"Mr. Cornish, have you noticed nothing peculiar about him—nothing which might seem to demand explanation before you receive him into your family, as your sister's husband?"

"Conceal, sir," said Egbert, "the man has his peculiarities. If you know any thing to his discredit—any reason why he should not become my sister's husband—out with it at once. You are dealing with a man who is impatient of innuendoes, and demands plain words."

"Very well, sir. I will be sufficiently pointed

to suit your humor: Why is Egbert Stanhope never seen unglowed?"

"It is strange," murmured Mrs. Cornish. "Mr. Bourdoine started forward with a hand on either knee, aspirating softly, with the rising infection:

"Ah!"

Anguish-stricken Adele bent until her lips were at her brother's ear, and whispered:

"My darling! my darling!"

Egbert sat like a man of marble. His face was gray with pallor, and the tense muscles showed how his soul was racked with pain.

Sibyl rose and hastened toward her lover. While she was approaching him, Felix replied to Long Jack.

"What business is that of mine? Shall I prescribe habits of dress to all of my friends?"

"Before we get through, I apprehend that you will concede that it is a very serious business of yours, and that this is a very peculiar habit of dress."

"No doubt Mr. Stanhope can answer for himself," suggested Mrs. Cornish.

"No," objected Sibyl, who had now gained her lover's side and put her hand on his shoulder. "I consider it a very impertinent question, and being the person most vitally concerned, I ask Mr. Stanhope not to answer it. Felix, I trust that you do not forget that he is our guest, and such is entitled to protection from insult under our roof."

She was right royal in her indignant protest.

A transient flush came and went in Egbert's pale cheek. But he seemed to shrink from the touch of her hand, and, as Adele had done, said:

"Wait!"

"By Heaven!" cried Felix, starting to his feet, "as all have just cause to accuse me of disregard of the laws of hospitality, Mr. Boardman, I am no trifier. If you have any charge to bring against my guest, speak at once and in unequivocal terms. And, sir, understand this—if you do not sustain your charge, I will insist on my house!"

Long Jack smiled quietly. He was not a man to be disturbed by threats.

Raising his long arm, and pointing with his finger, as if it were a dagger, he said:

"I have made the charge, not after the manner of a slanderer, but boldly, to his face. If my words are not true, he has the power to produce an overwhelming refutation. Let him remove his glove!"

The gambler hurled the challenge full in Egbert's teeth.

The latter seemed to try to speak, but his tongue refused its office.

"He dare not!" hissed the gambler, triumphantly.

"Mother, that is unworthy of you!" exclaimed the gambler, flushing to the temples. After I have proclaimed my confidence in a man by giving my whole life into his keeping, shall I so far forget my own self-respect as to ask him to clear himself from the charge of crime? Never!"

"It is a royal dignity—a grand loyalty!"

But Mrs. Cornish was one not easily impressed by lofty sentiments.

"I think that it is due to you and to all of us that he place himself above reproach without being imperially, he now said, in a man by giving my whole life into his keeping, shall I so far forget my own self-respect as to ask him to clear himself from the charge of crime? Never!"

"I think that an impartial judge," pursued Long Jack, in his cold, even tones, "would consider the man himself, in his present appearance, at least, rather a confirmation of what I have said."

"Why cannot Mr. Stanhope settle the matter by removing his glove?" asked Mrs. Cornish, coldly.

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"And yet she has trusted you! Why not I? Egbert, let your life be your vindication to me."

"By Heaven! I will!" cried Egbert, with sudden resolve.

He caught her to his heart, kissed her brow, and put her away.

Advancing to Felix without so much as a glance at Long Jack, he said:

"My friend, I will satisfy you, and your friends will doubtless be content to rely on your word. But as I do not care to have bruited about that in which no one has any concern, I must first require from you a promise that you will never reveal what you shall see."

Impulsive Felix grasped his friend's hand with a look of relief.

"Stanhope," he said, "you are coming out like a man, as I knew you would. If I alone were concerned, I would show you that I could be as generous as Sibyl. I give you the promise with all my heart."

For the first time Long Jack looked ill at ease, as the two gentlemen walked off to a window at the further end of the room, and stood with their backs toward the company.

"By what infernal jugglery is he about to gull that blockhead?" he muttered, below his breath.

Mrs. Cornish looked after the gentlemen suspiciously.

The two girls were clasped in each other's arms, and were exchanging words of encouragement and endearment.

At the window Egbert drew his pen-knife from his pocket, opened it, inserted the keen point in the finger of his kid glove, and slit it open, exposing the little and third fingers to view.

"There!" he said, fiercely, "would you have me show that to the woman who is to be my wife?"

The skin had that purple discoloration often noticed in birthmarks.

The hand quivered like an aspen. The man grasped the exposed fingers in his other hand, as if to hide them even from his own sight, and shifted from foot to foot.

Felix gazed in astonishment. Could so simple a thing as a birthmark cloud this man's whole life? He gazed at the man himself, and noted the exquisite care evidently bestowed on his dress and person—what would have been dandyism but for its perfect good taste. Did this discoloration of the hand wound his aesthetic sense so as to induce this morbid sensitiveness? Felix remembered that a club-foot was the curse of Byron's life. But he could not help exclaiming:

"Is that all?"

"Repeated Egbert, as though his whole soul leaped up in arms. 'My God! is it not sufficient?'"

Without reply Felix turned again to the company.

Egbert followed him with his hand thrust into the breast of his coat.

"Mr. Boardman," said Felix, contemptuously, "you are evidently off the track. The sooner you relieve us of your unwelcome company, the more satisfactory it will be to all present."

"Oh! it is nothing!" cried Sibyl, and threw herself upon her lover's breast. "My darling, I knew—I knew—"

But she broke down, sobbing hysterically.

"Now let me speak!" cried Adele, anticipating every one else. "I can supply the key to this infamous outrage! Two months ago and again to-day this gentleman urged me to be his wife, on penalty of exposing my brother, and thus separating not only him and Sibyl, but you and me, Felix. I scorned him as a slanderer, knowing my brother incapable of crime, and this is the carrying out of his threat."

Felix uttered an oath of rage, and ring the bell violently.

"I am your hostler, and tell him to bring his best whip!" he commanded the servant, whose prompt entrance would seem to indicate that she must have been in close vicinity to the key-hole.

"Stop!" cried Long Jack, now finding his voice. "Did he show you his palms?"

"Out upon you, you infamous cur!" cried Felix, not heeding him. "If I had my strength, I would throw you out of the house with my own hands. As it is, if you stay here long enough, you shall feel the weight of a horse-whip—the kind of treatment such a hound deserves!"

Long Jack turned pale with fury.

"My kind host," he said, "you have placed me under obligations to you, by your wise conduct in this matter; and I always pay my debts, in my own way and time. Now I would not, if I could, prevent this marriage. Go on with it, sir, by all means! When an heir is born to the unfurnished name of Stanhope—ha!—shall he not hear from me again; and I shall be no flash in the pan then, I promise you! The next descendant of the Cornishes will have an illustrious lineage, on one side at least! Ha! ha! ha! My dear sir, once more—adieu!"

Long Jack bowed mockingly in the doorway.

But M. Bourdoine rushed up to

"You did well, and to-morrow we will entrap them; but why in the fiend's name did you not give the signal of attack to-day?"

"Father, the sloop has two hundred men. Over a hundred were ashore to-day, while you had but sixty men with which to attack them. If you failed, all was lost, and they could have sent seventy-five more men ashore to aid those on the island, so I decided upon another plan."

"Name it."

"It is to hunt the vicinity for several days, and then anchor the Sea Hawk off the island, and get Captain Markham to come on shore with me in the cutter, under pretense of teaching him the channel; then you can easily take him, and me with him."

"By Heaven! a good plan! Once let me get him into my power and I haul down the black flag with its red anchor of hope, and hope shall be then a reality—a blood-red realization. Oh God! the glad joy I will feel when that man is face to face with me, and the old man placed his hand quickly upon his side, while his face became deadly pale."

"Ah, I must be careful, or my joy at the hope of revenge will kill me; will cause this accursed wound to break out. Well, boy, go on; I am listening."

"I have little more to say, sir, except that I am sorry Mad Maud showed herself to-day; but fortunately she gave no sign that would betray us."

"Yes, I was in terrible suspense when I was told she met the seamen upon the beach; but she does strange things, you know, and must be humored. Thank Heaven she lit the Pilot Beacon to-night; otherwise you could not have gotten it could you?"

"Perhaps not, sir; the danger was great as it was; but, father, I would like to ask your motive in having the American lieutenant seized to-day?"

"I do not understand you, Rafael."

"Lieutenant Bancroft, Edmunds, who commanded the force that landed on the lee of the island, disappeared most mysteriously, and all search for him proving useless, I of course thought you had ordered him captured, and—"

"I did nothing of the kind. Of course I knew of the landing and saw the men searching the rocks; but I did not know that any of the party were missing."

Rafael gazed fixedly into the face of the old man, and read there no desire to deceive him. He must look elsewhere for the mystery attending the disappearance of Bancroft Edmunds, and he answered:

"Then it must be as was believed aboard ship—that he fell from some rock and was drowned; but I wish you would have inquired made, sir, regarding the young officer; he is a fine fellow, and I should desire harm to befall him. Now I must return, and rest assured in some good way, I shall bring this life we lead to a speedy termination."

"I believe you, boy; but it can end only when your revenge is complete. Be careful that you are not seeking harm to befall him. Now I must return, and rest assured in some good way, I shall bring this life we lead to a speedy termination."

"What prisoner, father? There were three doomed, you know?"

"Yes—the thief and the mutineer were shot, as ordered."

"And the guard?"

"He certainly did. When Salvador went to bring him out for execution he was gone."

"And the guard?"

"I ordered him shot, but countermanded the order when I knew the one other, who had sailed in the *carera*, had been on duty up to ten o'clock—I refer to Martin."

"Maledita! that very fellow deserted in Havana. He was evidently bribed to aid him, and deserted to avoid the death he knew he would suffer for his desertion."

"And the traitor doubtless sailed with you."

"No, sir; every man on board the *carera* I could trust; but has the island been thoroughly searched?"

"Thoroughly—every cavern and brush—there was no hiding place, a fishing skiff, and he doubtless fled in that; the weather was good and he could easily gain the nearest land; but, never mind now; you must hasten back."

"Yes, and if Paul Melville is not dead I must have care that he does not outwit me. He may have reached Havana and come up on some other American cruiser; but now I must say *adios*."

Grasping his father's hand Rafael left the cavern and returning through the large vaulted chamber said a few pleasant words to those assembled there, after which, by the same route he had come, he retraced his way to the beach.

Suddenly a form confronted him. It was Mad Maud.

"I have to thank you, Maud, for doing me another great service—in lighting the Pilot Beacon," said Rafael, kindly.

"It was as dark as pitch, and the sea was all chaos—I knew that both you and the schooner must need help; but the girl, what of her?"

"I saw her safely to her uncle in Havana."

"Sh! I meant not her—the one on ship-board," impatiently said the woman.

"You refer to Miss Markham; she is well, and spoke most kindly of you to-day. She is a noble woman," said Rafael, earnestly.

"Of course she is—a true woman. Would that my poor girl could have been so too! But I must not think of her now," said the woman, sadly, and then she added:

"Captain Rafael, you went on board that vessel on account of Mabel Markham—you love her."

Had the darkness not prevented, Mad Maud would have seen that her words struck home, for the man's face flushed crimson; but, before he could reply, she went on:

"From those on the schooner I learned of the capture of the *Sunbeam*—your release of the vessel because that girl was on board, and your cutting down one who would have fought for beauty and booty—yes, yes, you went on the Sea Hawk on her account, and you must have care that she does not see you daunting to the yard-arm of her father's vessel—a sad sight for her beautiful eyes, a sad blow to her heart, for Captain Rafael, that girl loves you."

"Nonsense, Maud, she hardly knows me."

"She loves Rafael the Rover, not Paul Melville. I am a woman and can read a woman's heart. Did I not hold converse with her to-day? Was she not nervous all the time, fearing that the schooner would be captured here?"

"I tell you she loves you, not Paul Melville, but as Rafael the Rover, and she will prove that love, for my mad eyes can see far into the future, and I see sorrow and danger ahead for you, proud buccaner."

"Well, Maud, whatever comes I will meet it. Now I must say farewell. But, stay; you know aught of a lieutenant from the sloop, who disappeared mysteriously to-day?"

"No; was one lost?"

"Yes, when he went ashore with a searching party. See if you can learn anything regarding him, and if he is not dead let him fall in battle."

"Rafael, go not again on that vessel! You are free now; beware!" said Mad Maud, imperiously.

"I do not dread any danger that I cannot meet, Maud; but I thank you for your interest in me. *Adios*."

Entering the water, Rafael the Rover quietly struck out for the Sea Hawk, which, as is already known, he gained in safety.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

WHEN Lieutenant Bancroft Edmunds went off alone for a quiet search of the rocks, leaving his men on the beach, he little knew to what that expedition would lead him.

By a careful inspection of the ragged front of a low cliff he thought that he could find a foothold sufficient to crawl to the shelf above, and

there reach a position for further reconnaissance.

At once he determined to at least make the experiment, and by hard work, and after considerable danger, he accomplished the difficult feat and stood upon the shelf, forty feet above the place from which he had started.

But, from the shelf he could not see his men, and hence could not call them to his aid, should he need assistance, and nothing daunted he concluded to go it alone.

But a few steps along the edge of the shelf proved to him that he was in a bad situation for other discoveries, for there were no means of going any further unless he leaped across to a mighty boulder—a distance of some twelve feet.

Once on that boulder he could see that he could easily reach the rocky cliff, and, perhaps, by climbs such as he had already accomplished, gain the interior of the pirate isle.

But the leap was one that was hazardous in the extreme—for the opposite boulder was not flat, but rounded, sloping down toward the side facing him, and his feet were no small jump, with only a few paces run to give him impetus.

Still he was brave to recklessness and determined to make the attempt, and glanced down into the crevice between the two rocks to see where he would alight if he failed to clear the distance.

"I'll get a plunge in the water; but it runs like a mill-race," he muttered, as he saw the sea pouring through the narrow opening and rushing into the interior of the island.

"Then I don't like that moss on the boulder—it may be of light growth, and slip under my feet," he continued, as he saw that the top of the rock on the other side of the chasm was covered with a soft moss.

"But risk nothing, gain nothing, so here goes!"

Stepping back as far as he could he gave several quick steps and took the bound.

A moment he was poised in air, and then came down upon the boulder; but, as his feet struck the treacherous carpeting of moss it gave way instantly, and he fell heavily, and ere he could save himself, slid into the dark waters, forty feet below.

Down, down he sunk, until he believed there was a current carrying him under, and gave himself up for lost; but a bold swimmer he put out all his strength, checked his downward flight, and rose slowly to the surface just as his breath was nearly gone.

An upward glance showed him that the swift current had carried him far from the place where he had taken the plunge, for above his head where rocky walls a hundred feet in height, while he was urged along at an astonishing rapid rate.

"I am going landward, and not seaward, thank Heaven!" he muttered, coolly, and then he glanced ahead to see where the winding stream was carrying him.

On, he went for some five minutes, and then he drifted out of the channel into a little basin, with sandy beach and wooded hillsides.

By an effort he reached the shore, for he saw that the outlet to the basin was through just such a channel as the one by which he had entered, and he was glad that it led out to sea again, or into some subterranean cavern, which he had no immediate desire to explore.

"Well, this is a most secluded spot. I wonder if I can ever find my way out, or failing in that, if the crew can find me here!"

At this point, a shadowy figure could hide away here, and a whole fleet surrounding and exploring the island be none the wiser. I have made a great discovery."

"And one that may cost you dear."

Bancroft Edmunds started and turned quickly, his hand on his pistol, although he well knew it would be of no service to him after his ducking.

Before him, just by the side of a large rock, stood a young and beautiful girl, clothed rather fancifully, yet in a becoming manner, and in her hand she held a pistol, gold-mounted and long-barreled, which she pointed directly at him, while a look of determination upon her red lips proved that she would use the weapon if necessary.

"Have I struck Paradise, that I find an angel here?" said Bancroft, with a gasp, turning his admiring gaze upon the maiden, and not the threatening muzzle staring him in the face.

"You have struck a shoal that may wreck you, senior," replied the maiden, in tones so serious that they could not but impress the listener; but he returned, in the same light tone he had just used:

"There can certainly be no danger near one so beautiful."

"You may find to the contrary, senior. You are my prisoner!"

"I yield me with the sweetest grace. I am captive as you spoke the words."

"Senior, you need not jest. I repeat, you are my prisoner. Had you been captured by those in call of my voice your life would have at once been forfeit. I want not your life on my hands, senior; but if you tempt to escape me, I will shoot you down as I would a dog."

Bancroft Edmunds now felt that he was in the greatest danger, for he knew that the maiden, from her words, was one of the buccaner band, who, after all, had not left the island, but were scattered somewhere in the interior, access to which was known only to themselves.

Still, in his danger, he could not but admire the cool pluck of his fair captor, and he said:

"I have already told you, fair girl, that I yield myself your prisoner, for, were my pistol of use, I would not use it against a woman, even to save my life."

"My sword I have here, and if I meet one of my own sex, I do not hesitate to say that I will not tamely submit."

"But you must. You are in the lion's den. There is no chance for your retreat, except by the channel you came, and you cannot return that way until the tide changes—three hours from now."

"I have comrades near at hand, and—"

"You deceive yourself; you are half a mile from where you left your comrades, and they will never be able to follow you, except they come as you did, and I do not think that they will venture that."

"How know you the way I came?"

"I guess at it. You were exploring, slipped into the stream between those rocky walls, and the current brought you here. I was reading yonder, and when I saw you round the curve, I was greatly startled, fearing others followed you; but I now know that it must have been accident that brought you."

"I will tell you frankly—it was accident that brought me. By the way that I came, but tell me, fair girl, how can I leave this spot for one with your face cannot be cruel enough to bring upon me—"

"Who?" as Bancroft paused.

"The buccaners."

"You are right. I belong to their band. In a short while I could call many men to my aid; it is useless for you to think of escape."

"Except with your aid."

"That you shall not have—at least not now. As I told you, I want not your life on my hands; but, you are dangerous if free, and I must hold you until the danger is past."

"If the buccaners behold you, your life will end at once, and I do not wish that—ah, no! I have had enough of bloodshed."

"Promise me that you will make no effort to escape—swear it to me, upon your honor as an officer and a gentleman, that you will remain here until my return, and I will go and prepare a hiding-place for you."

"Will you return alone?"

"Ah! I see that you doubt me; but I do not wonder, when my own lips have told you that I was a girl buccaner."

"Pardon me; I will not doubt you. I will await you here."

"No, behind yonder rock; lie down there and you will be safe. I will go and place provisions in a secure retreat I have only lately found;—one side having a circle of diamonds, and there you will be safe, and I will bring you

food, until opportunity offers to let you go free. Do you trust me?"

"Yes. You are a noble girl. I will be guided by you in everything, for one so beautiful and innocent-looking cannot be evil at heart."

"Facing him blushed and turned quickly away, and disappeared in the bushes growing on the hillside, while Bancroft Edmunds threw himself down at full length between the rocks, and lay musing upon the strange adventure he had met with."

In little more than an hour the maiden returned, and bidding her prisoner, for he was nothing else, follow her, she led the way up the steep hillside, by out-of-the-way paths, for the distance perhaps of two miles, and then halted in front of a vine-clad cliff—the same which had been pointed out to Rafael by Mad Maud.

"Yes, the rocky cliff, and, perhaps, the pointed out to the narrow crevice and motioned to her companion to enter, which he quickly did, and was the next moment followed by her."

"Well, this is a secure retreat, indeed," said Bancroft, as he saw the little cabin, and the high walls around it.

"Yes; I found it by following a pretty little track from the beach up into these hills. The entrance through the vines would have escaped me then, had I not caught sight of a silk kerchief hanging on the briers, and a close search discovered this place. Here you will be secure, and here are provisions for several days."

"And here you will leave me?"

"Yes; but you must make me a promise—may, swear to me that you will not leave this place unless I lead you from it. On that alone your life depends."

"How long must I remain?"

"That depends upon circumstances—until I can arrange a plan for your escape from the island. Now I will leave you, and go and see the result of the chase. There is a spring of water against the rock, and here are a cot, table and chairs, and also books. I will return to-morrow and tell you about the sloop-of-war and schooner. Remember your oath, senior; *adios*."

"Hold! tell me your name, please, fair girl?"

"I am called by the buccaners Pretty Nellie," and the maiden disappeared from the sight of the young officer, who was left alone with his not very pleasant meditations.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

SONNET.

BY HERMAN KARPIS.

Why dost thou, hoary Age, draw near so fast?
Hast thou no resting-place upon the way?
Canst thou persuade me to make thee long delay
While I, a youth, am urged along at an astonishing rapid rate.
With hopes unquenched, that cherished hopes recast
Grow dimmer at thine advent day by day;
While wistful eyes presage, with lessening ray,
That soon shall shine the light of day.
Ah, if this soon thine honors we must wear
(The noon gone by, how swiftly falls the night!)
On, then, thy wings of youth, spring a share,
In loved ones round us, faces young and bright,
And, when thy snowy fingers touch our hair,
Oh, may our hearts be purer and more white.

Lost Lulu:

OR,

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER.

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,
(BUFFALO BILL.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FAMILY SURPRISE.

WHEN the victorious troopers returned to the fort, three days after leaving it, they found that two more graves had been made in the little burying-ground in the *motte*—the graves of Ida Vincent and Captain Graham.

And by a strange coincidence the two had been placed side by side in death—those two so divided in life, and yet bearing the relationship to each other of man and wife.

After Lieutenant Bolton had made his report to Colonel Decatur, being complimented for the service he had done, and recommended for promotion, the baron entered the room of the commandant, who welcomed him most warmly.

"Colonel Decatur, if you will summon your daughter and Lulu, I will make a revelation to you, sir," said the baron, quietly.

With some surprise Colonel Decatur did as he was requested, and the baron said:

"Nearly two years ago, I believe, colonel, you commanded upon the Rio Grande frontier, where you were wont to have frequent brushes with the Mexican guerrilla chief, Cortinas?"

"You are right, sir."

"When you were there, did you not take command here, you started with your daughter, your nephew, Lieutenant Henry Decatur, and an escort, besides your ambulance and servants; am I right?"

"You are."

"Well, then in a lonely part of the country, near a chaparral, you were fired upon and your nephew killed; also you would have lost your life, and all, but for the interference of a young officer, the captain of the Mexican band that attacked you."

"You are right; I owe all to that young officer; but how knew you of this?" demanded Colonel Decatur, in surprise.

"First allow me to ask you some questions, and pardon me if they touch upon the buried past and wound you."

"You were married, now some twenty-seven years ago, to a Mexican maiden of rank and wealth?"

"I was."

"Before a year of wedded life had passed, the Mexican became very bitter toward Americans; your wife's brother quarreled with you, and the result was a duel in which he fell by your hand, and you were forced to fly from Mexico, leaving your wife behind."

Helen looked both surprised and pained. She had never known that her father had been twice married, nor of this act of his past life, though she knew that he had once spent some time in Mexico.

"Are you aware what became of your wife?"

"Yes; she died in giving birth to a child."

"Do you know whether the child lived?"

"I was told that it did not," said the colonel, sadly.

"You were deceived; the child did live, grew to manhood, and became an officer of the Mexican army, and while I learned two years ago, from an old diary found among his mother's papers, who his father was."

"By what he at first considered an unfortunate, but afterward a fortunate circumstance, he was ordered to duty with Cortinas, and thereby I was enabled to save the life of my father—the honor of my sister—for I am that officer."

Words cannot portray the scene that followed, and the son and brother was taken to the heart of a father and sister.

"You remember the star I gave you, Helen—one side having a circle of diamonds, the other a circle of rubies?" asked the young man, after the greeting was over.

"Yes, I have it here," and Helen quickly brought it forth.

"See here. My mother had my father's likeness put in her brooch, the rubies—her own beneath the diamonds, and touching the star in a peculiar way, the miniatures were revealed—one the face of a handsome young man in the uniform of an American officer—the other the face of a beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired maiden of sixteen."

"But, how is it about the letter, Henrique, introducing you as Baron Saville?" asked the colonel.

"I will tell you; my name is Ivan Martino, for I took the name of my mother, that of Dennis from the island known as Mexico. On the Rio Grande I met Baron Henrique Saville, a

French noble, with whom I became quite well acquainted."

"After meeting you and Helen in the chaparrals that time, I determined to give up the brigand life of a Mexican soldier on the Rio Grande, and fearing you would not receive me as one of Cortinas men, I determined to see you in disguise, and knowing that Saville sailed for China and India, and would not be heard of for some time, I determined to take his name, and well knowing the American officers on the Rio Grande, I wrote that letter of introduction—for which I feel I hope, by my father and sister will forgive me. If I sinned it was to know and be loved by them."

"I am only too glad to have found you, my son, and now that I have my two children I am the happiest of men."

"Yes, and I now can understand how it is that Baron Saville is such a fine frontiersman; but does Dennis know who you are?" asked Lulu.

"Oh, yes; I captured him some years ago—saved his life, and ever since he has been my devoted friend."

"But it was hard work for him to metamorphose me into a baron from Captain Ivan Martino; and all the trail here, from Texas, I had him practicing, calling me *Master Henrique*," laughed the young Mexican; "but, there is discovered in me now. What is it, Dennis?" he called out from the window.

"Here is a gentleman as says he's after war—in 'ter say yer, sur; he says he's ther skoot that wint with yer after the jayhawkers."

"Tell him to come in here, Dennis," ordered Colonel Decatur, then he added: "I have a great desire to see and thank that man, after all he has done for the frontier."

The next minute Dennis ushered into the room the strange hunter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A RESTRICTION.

WHEN the strange hunter entered the room he greeted Ivan Decatur, as I must now call him, in a most friendly manner, and then bowed low to the others.

"Sir, I am glad to meet you, and I desire most heartily to thank you for the service you have rendered the border," said Colonel Decatur, advancing toward the stranger.

"Colonel Decatur," said the visitor, in deep, yet musical tones, "as there is now no longer need for this disguise, permit me to unmask!"

A quick movement of the hand, and the wig of long blonde hair and the beard were removed, and there stood before them Death-Tracker, the Fort Scout!

"Great God! has the grave yielded up its dead?" cried Colonel Decatur, starting back, while Lulu, Helen and Ivan Decatur pressed nearer, a strange look upon their faces.

"No, colonel, the grave never held me, as doubtless Miss Decatur can tell you."

"To be frank with you, until one minute before the platoon fired upon me I believed I was to stand by the death of my father."

"There's not the divil of a bullet in any gun; but, fall whin they shoot, an' I'll say to it that yer coom out all right—it's Miss Helen's orders."

"Of course I obeyed, and the platoon moved away, leaving Dennis and Trapper Dan to bury me; but they buried an empty coffin, while I, mounted on a fine horse, and with arms that your noble daughter procured for me, rode away from the spot where I so nearly lost my life."

"Once free I determined upon two things—to find what had become of the baron, and to hunt down Ned Doyle's band of jayhawkers. In the latter I succeeded, I am happy to say, while I now see what has become of the baron."

Through the fair correspondent I had in the fort, and from whom I heard every two weeks, by the kindness of Trapper Dan and Dennis, I know all that has happened of late, and now open my arms to take my darling daughter to my heart."

With a happy cry Lulu sprang forward and nestled on her father's broad breast, while Colonel Decatur said, in a voice slightly tremulous:

"God knows, Radcliffe, I am happy as it is, for many hours of sorrow have I had, believing you dead; but to think what sly scamps I had under my own roof! I thought both Helen and Lulu took your death wonderfully cool; and, that confounded Irishman was in the secret, too!"

"Well, God bless you all," and Colonel Decatur turned to leave the room.

"Hold on, colonel! I have something else to say, that I may not appear to have acted wickedly."

"When I left my poor wife (and God forgive me for doing it), I knew not she had a brother; I turned my income, not a large one, it is true, over to her, placing it in the hands, I believed, of an honest man. But I found out in some other matters he was deceiving me, and to hide his crime of not paying my wife the quarterly income, he told me she was dead, and that he had not told me for fear it would grieve me so deeply. Strange to say, I believed the rascal, and mourned my wife's death, until letters brought me by Trapper Dan, from Miss Helen and Lulu, told me all."

"Now let me clear up another mystery. When I first met the baron here, he was accused of the murder of a man, by whose side he was found by a party of jayhawkers. The man, that man was Bill Borkely—so his comrades called him; but that was not his real name; he was the brother of my poor wife!"

"This I found out by the papers I took from him. He fired upon me from an ambush, and missed; I fired at him and killed him."

"My horse ran off and I went after him, and while gone the baron came up, and there the jayhawkers found him, and fortunately I returned in time to save him; then, by the side of the dead man, I picked up those letters and trinkets. These were two fables of old letters—one of them from my wife to her poor mother—the others from me to my wife. The trinkets were little presents I had given her."

"Now I can understand how he got them, and why he kept them in the pocket with the letters his sister had written him, and which, in all his wanderings, he had clung to as the only anchor that had connected him with the past."

A week after the return of Death-Tracker, the Fort Scout, to his old familiar haunts, eight persons bade farewell forever to Fort Helen, and many were the God-speeds and blessings that followed them on their way from all the denizens of that far frontier post.

Those eight were, Colonel Decatur and the two English lawyers—delighted at last in having found the heir to Castle Glyndon, the heir himself and his daughter, Lulu; Ivan and Helen Decatur; and Dennis Machone.

This party were on their way to England, and upon their arrival there, Castle Glyndon threw wide open its doors to receive them.

And there, in that grand old home, Helen became Lady Radcliffe, and Ivan Decatur claimed as his bride Lulu, once known as the Fort Scout's Ward.

THE END.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

495-264, e. o. w. R. & C.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

An Encyclopædia of Song!

For Songs of the Day and Standard Songs of all Ages and Nations see

TOO PHILANTHROPIC.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I am impressed with this one fact
My heart's too warm and tropical,
So very philanthropic.
But, what is money, anyway,
In all its various ranges?
I make it but to give away—
Of course in fair exchanges.

A starving man came to my door
In coat of many colors,
And lavishly I gave to him.
Advice worth a dollar.
Last night a tramp came in my room
With—"Help a hungry brother!"
I gave him one good solid boot—
He didn't wait for the other.

I recognize these charity fairs,
As is both right and proper,
And I attend them every time—
To patronize the supper.
The needy have upon us claims
Most every passing hour.
I sent to one poor wretch last night
Three extra barrels for flour.

A man asked alms upon the street,
And in a single minute
I gladly gave to him my purse—
Though there was nothing in it.
My daily study is "the poor."
Attention I give duly.
And in that interest I work—
The poor is—well, your truly.

A poor man yesterday I met,
And in a very shy way,
With usual generosity,
I gave him half the highway.
There's not a day goes by my head
But what, in sorrowful tone, sir,
Some beggar asks me for a loan—
And then he gets alone, sir.

The orphan and the widow oh,
Especially the latter!
Last week she did refuse my hand,
I don't see what's the matter.
To every tramp that comes around
(I seem to get them all too),
I always very freely give—
More work than they can fall to.

And when the halt comes to my door,
Which happens every day, sir,
If they can't walk another step
I send them all away, sir.
And when the ragged came around
Complaining of cold, sir,
And asking me to give them clothes,
They found close at the door, sir.

To see men hungry, wanting food,
Indeed, I never could brook it;
My lateststing's always, *alms* out—
I'd like to know who took it!
I seldom shrink from doing good.
Why, it was but last winter
I recollect I even went
And settled with the printer.

Tenting in the North Woods;

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VII.

WOOD LAW.—A DESPERATE DUEL.—DOWN THE GULF.

"GENTLEMEN," said Abe, with a jolly laugh, as he brought his rifle to bear upon the burly form of Dave Thompson, "the lot of man is peculiar; man ar' a strange animal, an' he kain't always flourish like a green bay tree. Dave, old boy, I ruther hold over you, don't I?"

"Full hand, you confessed Thompson. 'I draw out this deal.'"

"Here, Larry, my son, go and put a hitch on them critters. I reckon you kin do it," ordered Abe.

Larry, with a grin upon his face which split his countenance, ran up to the car, approached and made the fellows secure. He took especial pains with his compatriot, Black Joe.

"Yees called me a white nuygur," he said, "an' yees was going to larrup me wid hickry. The sass for the goose is sass for the gantler, Joe, acushin'."

The negro only answered by a surly growl. "Now that job's done," said Abe, in a pleasant tone. "I can't ask anything better than that, but I must chide ye, Dave, my boy, for the ridiculous way in which you cut your stick this mornin'."

"What did you mean by it?"

"I ain't goin' to talk, you know," was the sulky answer. "I ain't a durned fool."

"Waal, I don't blame ye, it touches a man on the most tender part of his immortal natur' to git beat on a deal like that. It would me, I know, an' I ain't a man that fails to lament over the downfall of poor oppressed humanity. But I've got a little biz to tend to, an' I ain't got time to come, Larry, git at a small bundle of hickories. I've got to dust some jackets."

The prisoners began to beg, for they knew that the hickories meant forest justice; that Abe Stanchfield did not design to wait for the slow process of law to make his wrongs right. Larry was not slow to respond, and in a remarkably short space of time he was back with an armful of second growth hickory twigs, tough and elastic, and two or three of the prisoners howled in anticipation.

"I've got to lick the nuygur, mind," announced Larry. "He war goin' to lick me."

"Take him," answered Abe. "Forty lashes on the bare back, Scripture measure, pressed down, shaken together, an' runnin' over."

We will not dwell upon the scene. In a few minutes the late rung with the yells of the tortured thieves, for neither Abe, Little Hand nor Larry laid on with a light hand. The only one not whipped was Dave Thompson.

"Ain't you goin' to give me any, Abe?" he asked.

"No, sonny; I've got other fish to fry with you. You've got to hang, as I told you."

"Why not whip me an' let me run with the others?"

"I don't think you'd run fur if I had the whippin' of ye," returned Abe grimly. "Don't tempt me, Dave; you dunno how I hunger an' thirst to take the law into my own hands; an' the Injun's just as bad."

Dave became suddenly silent, for there was something in the contracted brow of the guide which did not look pleasant. Then Dave Thompson was thrown loosely over the bleeding backs of the men who had been whipped, and they were sternly ordered to depart.

"An' see yer!" warned Abe.

"After this, the first time I see one of you anywhere near my camp, I put a hole through his blamed gizzard; you hear me?"

They slunk away, one by one, the negro casting a tiger look at the Irish lad, who only answered by a jolly roar of laughter. Then Dave Thompson was left alone in the midst of his enemies.

"Now, gentlemen," declared Abe, "you ain't got nothin' to do with this yer. It's only Little Hand an' me, an' ef ye don't want to know anythin' 'bout what we ar' gwine ter do, don't look on. It's a goin' ter be a square fight atween Dave an' me, with the Injun to look on. Bring him along, Little Hand."

The Indian dragged Dave Thompson to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he gasped, "they are going to take me away to murder me."

"Nary time, that ain't the way we've got, you skunk. I tell you I'm goin' to give you as fair a shake as any man ever got in the world, knife to knife, an' ef you drop me the Injun won't lay a hand on you for twenty-four hours, but give you that much run. Either you kin do that, or I start fur Plattsburg this mornin' coming. What d'ye say?"

"Til fight!" hissed Dave, in an eager tone.

"Curse you, don't you know they'd tear me all to pieces in Plattsburg? I wouldn't have the ghost of a show."

"So I thought. You see he is willin', gentlemen; now don't lip in."

Arthur Chambers was an old hunter, and he knew that the "gods of the valley were not the gods of the hills," and that wood law and civil law were two different things.

"It won't do to interfere, Harry," he said; "let them go."

The two guides entered the boat with their prisoner, paddled across the lake, and passed into a dark ravine which led up into the mountains. After a toilsome march of half an hour they came to an elevated table-land, a place covering perhaps half an acre of land and on one side descending in a precipitous line to a depth of two hundred feet. Here Abe Stanchfield made a pause.

"Set down an' rest," he ordered. "I give you ten minutes. Handle yer rifle, Injun, an' ef he tries to run bore him through an' through."

The Indian nodded, and the click of his rifle-look sounded the clear air. Dave Thompson knew that if he tried to escape the Indian would not be likely to miss his aim. The ten minutes were up at last, and Abe threw a large bowie at the feet of the villain.

"I ain't goin' to waste much time talkin'," he said. "For Jim Fletcher's sake you or I hev got to die."

Dave caught up the knife with a savage grin. It was his favorite weapon and he did not think the man trod the woods who could equal him in its use. The Indian, with his rifle clutched in his strong hands, leaned eagerly forward as the two bitter enemies, their knives firmly grasped, stood glaring at each other. Then they began to move about the platform in eccentric circles, each watching keenly for an opening, ready to dash in and deal a fatal blow. Dave Thompson made the first effort, but retreated with a snarl as the cool old hunter received him, and drove him back with a cut across the forehead.

"Try again, Davy," he called out. "There's more of the same sort in this shop."

Again the circling began, and, as before, Dave Thompson was the first to get tired of it and dash in. This time the point of Abe Stanchfield's knife barely grazed the jugular vein, and the ruffian felt a clammy sweat start out upon his body as he realized how close he had been to death. There was something so steady in the manner of the hunter as he stood ready, so icy in his composure that it struck a chill into the bones of the sounder.

"He means to kill me," he thought. "He'll tire me out an' then—I won't wait!"

He hurled himself suddenly upon the hunter, and for five minutes there was one of the most desperate knife duels which the Indian had ever known. The clash of the blades seemed incessant, the sparks flew from the meeting steel, and Little Hand grew wildly excited, for it seemed to him that it might go against his friend. Both men had been wounded and their blood was flowing fast, and yet there was the same calm, confident smile upon the face of the guide, and the Indian felt more safe.

"Keep cool, Injun!" cried Abe. "You don't know the old man; he never takes water, you see."

"You are trying to tire me out," hissed Thompson. "We'll see about that."

And he attacked more fiercely than ever, and Abe met the rush coolly, putting aside the steel and making very little attempt to repulse it. Dave Thompson knew well that the iron frame of the guide could wear out his, and for this reason he forced the fighting.

"I wouldn't have your temper for anything in the world," observed Abe, grimacing. "You ar' a vicious cuss, ain't ye? Tryin' to cut me, you ar'." Dummo what you mean by such conduct."

Thompson was breathing hard and his blood dropping from several slight wounds, and Abe seemed fresher than ever.

"I ain't gone fur ye yet, my son," he said. "I want to see ye dance fast; it does me good."

And Abe's keen eyes, watching every movement of his adversary, saw that he was nearly done, and that this attack was like the last flurry of the whale.

"Look out fur me," he said, in a cheerful tone. "I'm a cunin'."

The assailant became the assailed, and a cry of delight broke from the lips of the Indian as he saw the resolute nature of the other. Vain was the interposition of the knife of Dave Thompson to ward off the blows which were showered upon him. The keen point menaced him here, there and everywhere. Three times in as many seconds had the steel drawn the blood of the ruffian, and only by leaping out of reach did he escape death.

But Abe followed him closely, hand and foot obedient, his eyes ever on the alert to ward off danger, and at the same time to take an opportunity to deal a blow. It was no longer a question of who would win, but what time it would take for Abe Stanchfield to break down the last defense of Dave Thompson and lay him low. Foot by foot he pressed him back, Dave striving desperately to save himself, but the look of despair upon his face showed that he had given up hope.

All at once a cry which was half pity broke from the lips of Abe Stanchfield, and he sprang forward with outstretched hand as if to grasp his enemy. Dave Thompson bounded back, and with a low wail of agony fell over the precipice behind him, and went crashing down into the dark ravine, the depth of which the foot of man had never yet sounded. Abe Stanchfield, with a pale face, turned to the schoolmaster, he said, hoarsely. "But now it's done, I wish some other man had done the deed."

"Little Hand is happy," answered the Indian. "Jim Fletcher can sleep in peace."

And the two men slowly descended the mountain, gained their boat and crossed to the camp. (To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

A Mother's Humiliation.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MRS. MERRIVALE sat languidly back among the gray and pink silk cushions of her Turkish chair, a frown on her forehead, and a cruel, contemptuous sneer on her handsome lips as she lifted her eyebrows and looked at Sydney Anderson as if there were contamination in the sight of the pale, fragile-looking girl whose proud, sweet face was uplifted with haughty defiance.

I am entirely at a loss to understand why you are so lightly indignant, Sydney, simply because I tell you the time has come when I can no longer retain you as a member of my family."

The clear, low tones were positive and chilling as they came from the lips of the mother. "Why don't you say instead of a member of your family—I one of your corps of servants?"

I have earned my bread and salt by work, the knowledge of which would have broken my dear mother's heart had she known it. I have been used as a slave by your dear mother's sister, because I had no other home to go to. I have borne it in silence, and tried to be content under the circumstances. But now—now, when you send for me, as you do your cook, your kitchen-maid, and quietly tell me to leave your house, and that, too, for such a reason as you dare offer, such an insulting reason—you wonder that I am enraged almost beyond control."

Sydney spoke hotly, hurriedly, her sweet voice bitter with the sense of cruel injustice that was writhing in her, her pale, pure cheeks wearing little vividly scarlet spots, her blue eyes shining like steel in the sunshine.

Mrs. Merrivale twisted her rings anxiously as she listened and answered, in those cold, contemptuous tones of hers that stung the girl to her very soul.

"Will you never learn moderation in your voice and manner and language, Sydney? There really is not the least necessity for me to

prolong this interview. I sent for you to tell you you could no longer remain in my family for the plausible reason I gave you a few minutes ago, that you are altogether too free and familiar with my gentlemen boarders, and especially Dr. Trevor, who, you very well know, is paying attention to my daughter Cora—that is, when you are not intruding yourself."

Sydney felt as if a volcano were struggling for an eruption somewhere in her, so appalling was the tempest of mortified pain and bitter anger that shook her from head to foot.

"You know what you say is positively false, so far as I am concerned, aunt Helena. You wish me out of your house, and for want of a better excuse, you frame this cruel slander. You need not fear that the sight of me shall annoy you or my cousin Cora or Dr. Trevor an hour longer."

And she turned abruptly away from Mrs. Merrivale, who watched her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had in her exquisite grace of figure, her lightness of carriage, and wondering, bitterly, why her one child, Cora, had so few of Nature's charms.

Then, just one faint, regretful sigh was hushed, as she remembered Sydney's mother sleeping in her grave, all unconscious of the hardships and cruelties heaped upon her darling whom, years ago, she had confided, on her dying bed, to her sister Helena.

"Do her as you would wish me to do by your little Cora," Sydney's mother had whispered.

And this was Mrs. Merrivale's fulfillment of her promise; and the little, brief sigh of regret was swallowed in the succeeding tide of her cold, cruel determination.

"She is spoiling my daughter's chances—no one looks at Cora when Sydney is by, and Dr. Trevor shall not be infatuated if I can help it, and I will see to it that Sydney on the streets, I will help it."

Then she went to her little safe and took out a five-dollar bill, ready to give to Sydney when she should come for it—five dollars in compensation for food, shelter, and outrageous insult.

Only—Sydney did not come for it, there, or ever, and when Mrs. Merrivale went down to the fashionable six o'clock dinner, to see handsome Dr. Trevor talking quite confidentially to Cora, as though she stood a little apart from the rest, she decided she never had done a wiser thing than when she had sent Sydney Anderson out of her house.

While Sydney Anderson herself hardly knew whether she were more exultant, or terrified, or indignant, or heart-sick, when she actually found herself away from aunt Helena's basement, feeling that in all the wide world there was not a roof under which she could demand a shelter, or a table at which she dared ask a bite.

She looked at it in one way, she was exultantly brave, with the hope and courage a young soul feels who is determined to conquer Fate itself. Then, when she remembered Mrs. Merrivale's heartless insolence, her very blood boiled with indignation.

And then—when she thought of somebody else, somebody whose splendid eyes had several times met her own and held them in a brief exquisite thrill, somebody who never had failed in kind, compassions words, and who would, in all probability, marry Cora Merrivale; then Sydney's heart suddenly collapsed into a faint misery.

"If I only had never, never known there was a Dr. Trevor! If I had only never recovered from that diphtheria last winter when he attended me!"

So that, altogether, it was a pitifully sad little girl that went the rounds of the Intelligence offices that day, to find, almost at dark, "a situation" where she might find a place, where she would be taken on a week's trial.

They were woful days that followed—days when Sydney toiled over washtub and kitchen cook-stove, when her heart and her hopes faded to just a sick and faint, when it seemed to her that it was a cruel thing that Death was denied her, when it seemed to her, heated and tired to actual agony with her hard, unsympathetic labor, that of all things most desirable was to just lie forever at rest under the cool green grasses! And she, so young, so fair, with such capacity of happiness!

Then, one roasting hot day in mid-July, when every one who could had fled in gasping quest for salt sea-breezes, or fresh mountain air, Sydney, who had been so long under the cool green grasses! And she, so young, so fair, with such capacity of happiness!

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der God's mercy, had saved her young life—Dr. Trevor, who had heard as her pitiful wailing of mind, who knew all her sad story, and who had learned, from her unconscious lips, what had thrilled him to the very soul—that she loved him.

Later he told her—told her how he had loved her in the early days at her aunt Helena's, how he had been horrified and discouraged to learn she had gone, no one knew where—how, by merest accident, she had been brought to the fever ward of which he had periodical charge, and how, so soon as she was willing and able, he wanted her to come to him as his darling wife—come to the little home he had prepared for her—the home her aunt and cousin had little dreamed they were adorning for her.

"I think they merit the humiliation it will be to them, sweet," he said, another time; "they have used you most cruelly, but they never can again. Only, if you would rather not go there—"

And as Sydney, in all her new ecstasy of happiness, would have gone into the charge of Helena with her lover, she offered no objection, and although her heart throbbed a little as she walked into Mrs. Merrivale's drawing-room, a fortnight later, she was conscious that she had done nothing she had need to regret—only—her tender womanly nature was roused to pity when she quickly eyed what Dr. Trevor's did—the horrible surprise and chagrin and bitter disappointment on her aunt Helena's face as her husband presented her.

But—Dr. Trevor was the best paying boarder in the house, and Mrs. Merrivale was obliged to submit, and Mrs. Trevor so utterly ignored the past that no uncomfortable recollections ever occurred.

While Cora, for her own credit's sake, never dared to intimate the construction she had put upon Dr. Trevor's words, Mrs. Merrivale and Dr. Trevor were the happiest of created beings—married lovers!

EULALIA.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

In the light breathing of the breeze,
This hushed tumult had its desired effect.
In the low murmur of the seas,
And in the wind's soft minstrelsy,
When waves the tall grass on the lea—
Thy name I hear and think of thee!

Fallen Tree, the Cherokee.

BY J. S. E. BADGER, JR.

HALF a century ago there were few names more widely known or more popular among the Cherokees than that of Teondeatha, or the Fallen Tree. Made a war-chief in his early manhood by those whom he had so often led to victory, he never failed them in the hour of need.

His name was a terror to their enemies, a glory to their own tribe. He did not spare his blood or flesh. One by one his children fell in battle at his side, until he was left alone, battered and worn-out, the last of his race.

Then came the treaty with the whites, and when his heart weary with constant bloodshed and bowed down with grief for his lost ones, the Fallen Tree was one of the first who had signed his *totem* to the paper which gave the hunting-grounds of the Cherokees to the pale-faced foreigners.

From that moment his power and influence declined. His strong right arm was no longer needed, for the days of fighting were all past; he had outlived his days of usefulness. More than once was this fact brought to his notice, and openly, for there were few braves among them all who would dare to stand before the grim old war-chief when the olden fire came into his deep-sunken eyes, but by covert hints and insinuations that, while stinging bitterly, afforded him no handle for open rebuke.

To proceed to complain, too sensitive to ignore the roundabout insults, the fallen war-chief took to strong drink. For weeks and months at a time he was never wholly free from the influence of liquor. His erect form grew bowed, his iron muscles began to shrink and wither, his limbs to tremble and give way beneath his weight as he walked. His temper grew more irritable and less under control. His few friends fell away from him. His enemies rejoiced and grew bolder and more outspoken.

But the lion was not dead, only sleeping. The time of awaking came at last.

The Cherokee nation had gathered beside the Hiwassee river, for their annual game of ball. Among the others came Fallen Tree, but only as a spectator, where, not many years since, he had been the leading spirit, the idol and cynosure of every eye.

Silent and reserved, though his brain was clouded by drink—a grand wreck, stood the chief. He had been warned that danger threatened, and advised to stay away lest trouble came of his presence; but the warning was in vain. Life was not so dear that he cared to guard it by cowardice.

The game of ball was begun and finished, after a long, hot and closely-contested fight. The captain of the losing side, a middle-aged warrior, whose youthful ambition had been to successfully rival the war-chief, was one of Fallen Tree's most bitter and outspoken enemies. Now, angered by defeat, he espied his old rival, and blindly rushed upon his fate.

With one insulting stare, he scanned the withered figure from crown to toe; then, seeing that all eyes were turned curiously upon them, he raised his voice and accused Fallen Tree of betraying his people by signing away their land for nothing.

Never a word spoke the disgraced war-chief, but looked steadily into the eyes of his enemy, his thin lip curling with cold contempt. Rejoiced almost frantic, Three Fingers repeated his accusation, and coupled it with threats and opprobrious epithets. A red light deepened in the old chief's eyes, and for the first time he spoke.

"Away while you can. You have said enough. One word more and I will kill you."

With a hoarse yell of fury, Three Fingers drew his tomahawk and sprang forward. Quick as thought the chief interposed his left arm, into which the keen weapon sank to the bone; then, before his enemy could recover himself, he thrust a pistol against his forehead and fired. His skull shattered like an egg-shell, Three Fingers was hurled backward by the explosion, dead ere his body touched the ground.

Shall and defiant rung out the war-cry of the aged war-chief, as pistol in hand and ready for war, he faced a thousand of his tribe, undaunted by the odds. Nine-tenths of those present were his bitter enemies, while not one of them all loved or honored him enough to dare his life in his defense; but not an answering whoop came from the crowd. They, one and all, seemed stupefied by the unexpected tragedy, and unable or unwilling to act decisively.

For full five minutes Fallen Tree confronted the mass, then, with a low, contemptuous laugh, turned upon his heel and strode away, never once casting a backward glance.

But the end was not yet. Blood had been shed, and it called loudly for vengeance. The blow was dealt that same night, at Hiwassee Ferry.

Though feeling sure that the trouble was only begun, Fallen Tree had been unable to abstain from drinking freely. Only for that, the end might have been different.

A renegade white, an old man named Block, dared to revile the chief, much in the same style adopted by Three Fingers, earlier in the day. For a time Fallen Tree paid no attention to the abuse, but then, turning, he spoke sharply:

"Why do you bark at me, you half-and-half dog? Who are you? A white cur who fled from his people to escape the rope. We suffer you to live among us, just as we do other worthless curs. You have done nothing to earn the right to reproach me. I have never seen you

upon the war-path. I have never heard your voice at the councils. Go, white dog. Be silent when you are among men."

This contemptuous rebuke was not sufficient. Block still persisted in his abuse, and finally Fallen Tree drew and snatched his pistol full in his insulter's face. The weapon failed to explode.

A half-blood named Craven, who was present, dashed out the one light. Several shots were fired, and the greatest confusion reigned.

When a fresh light was kindled, the two men were gone, while Fallen Tree lay upon his face, in a pool of his own blood. A bullet had passed through his face, shattering both jaws.

A white trader, whose name has been forgotten, risking the displeasure of the conspirators, raised up the wounded chief and cared for him as best he could.

He begged the old chief to mount his horse and flee to the garrison, where the soldiers would protect him against his enemies, but the undaunted warrior flatly refused. Never yet had he turned his back to living foe, and he was too old to begin now.